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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NUMBER

THE SKETCH
NOVEMBER 21, 1951

2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

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A Bradley jacket of Chinese lamb, dyed silver grey or black

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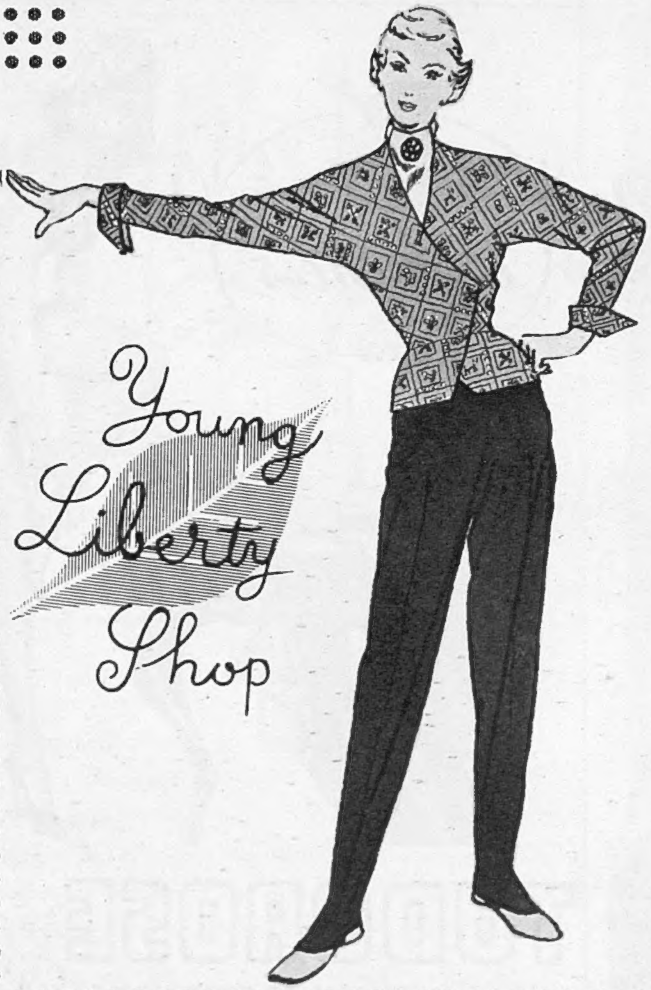

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Brilliant little jacket in Liberty hand-printed wool, a-flash with sequins and beads. Made to order in sizes 10, 12 and 14. Price 14 gns. Mate it with these wool gaberdine tights—far newer than mere slacks—which fit over the instep like gaiters. Price 10½ guineas.

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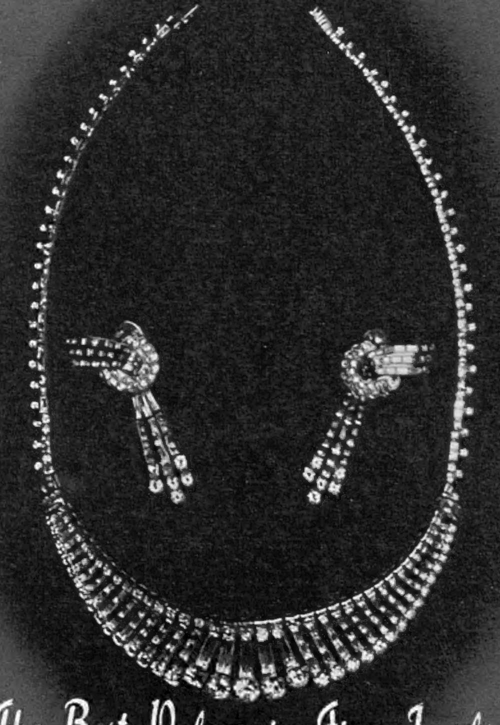

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For welcoming winter weather, a pure wool jumper and cardigan in the traditional Jaeger manner. Classically styled, beautifully fashioned, Jaeger twinsets keep their perfect fit, are constantly in fashion, always look 'right'. And the Jaeger colour range includes everybody's favourite colour. In pure wool, the "V" neck and button-to-neck cardigans cost 38/7 each; the round-necked, short-sleeved jumpers 27/7. In soft lambswool, the cardigans are 69/- each; the short-sleeved jumpers 50/6.

MENS SOCKS *Jaeger '51 Socks, pure wool, nylon reinforced heel and toe, 6/11 a pair*

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for sheer loveliness

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Because it stimulates the circulation and restores the functional ability of tired muscles, the Pifco Electric Vibratory Massager may be applied usefully in cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism and many kindred ailments.

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'Celanese' Fabrics

This non-utility slip was chosen from the shops to demonstrate the sleek beauty of Lingerie in 'Celanese' Fabrics. You'll be interested, too, in the lovely utility styles in these exquisite fabrics.

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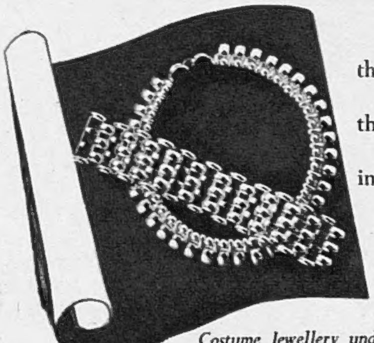
For a writer, "style is the dress of thoughts"; for a woman, it is her thoughts of dress—her preference for this or that fashion idiom. Those who instinctively choose elegance will instantly admire "Halewood," a Pure Wool Black Jersey Dress by Roter.

In Black only, interwoven with Gold Thread. Size 38 hips, **£22.10.0** *or, to order, in larger fittings.*



Costume Jewellery underlines elegance. This attractive Necklace and Bracelet will not tarnish the clothes or the skin.
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Dimsheen pure silk crêpe by **Aristoc**

the aristocrat of stockings

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The "SUFFOLK" DIVAN. One of a wide range from Maple's own Factories

3ft. DIVAN with hair upholstered pocketed spring Mattress in a variety of fancy coverings.

£42 . 12 . 3 each

3ft. HEADBOARDS, upholstered and buttoned.

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also available in 2ft. 6ins., 4ft. 0ins., 4ft. 6ins. sizes

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Exclusively Antoine—the special service which maintains your permanent wave—at its best—throughout the year. You pay once only . . . for a softer, lighter permanent wave that you may renew as often as you feel necessary—without recurring charge.
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LADY'S SPORTS WATCH IN WATERPROOF CASE. FULLY JEWELLED SWISS MOVEMENT. MAPPIN GUARANTEED. NON-MAGNETIC. STAINLESS STEEL. £22
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June Geranium Bath Soap
ELIZABETH ARDEN
Elizabeth Arden's famous pink Soap, deliciously scented with June Geranium . . . so lovely to use, so kind to your skin because of the natural oil base, abundant silky lather and long-lasting quality. Box of three 11/9
Elizabeth Arden

Going away? Giving away?

Christmas in the country with holly and carols? Or sunnier festivities in the South of France? Wherever it is, intelligent women will give themselves (or better still will see that someone gives them) a present from the suite of Revelation Matched Luggage.

Each piece is beautifully made, richly finished in blue-grey, wine-striped fabric, and reinforced at the edges with special 'Rev-tex' welting for a longer, better-looking life.

REVELATION SUITCASE

Contracted it's right for a weekend. Expanded it holds enough for a month. The model illustrated costs £14.10s.0d. Other models from £6.2s.6d.

'REV-ROBE' WARDROBE CASE

Holds up to 12 dresses on hangers with tray-lid for shoes, lingerie, etc. As illustrated £19.17s.6d. Other models from £9.17s.6d. ***Also for men:*** *to take 3 suits with room for shoes, shirts, etc. from £9.17s.6d.*

REVELATION TRAIN CASE

Handbag-sized, holds all journey necessities — cosmetics, toilet things, passport and papers. The model illustrated costs £10.12s.6d.

In addition to the cases shown, the Revelation Matched Set includes: Soft-top overnight case and hat bag, hat-and-shoe box, shoe case, trunks, etc.

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Luggage by REVELATION

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By Appointment Silversmiths *Hunt & Roskell Ltd.*

Rings — from a Distinguished Collection

The examples shown here are but a few from the very distinguished collection of fine rings to be seen at our Bond Street Showrooms. May we invite you to call and inspect these and other exquisite jewels at your leisure? An illustrated catalogue of rings is available on request.

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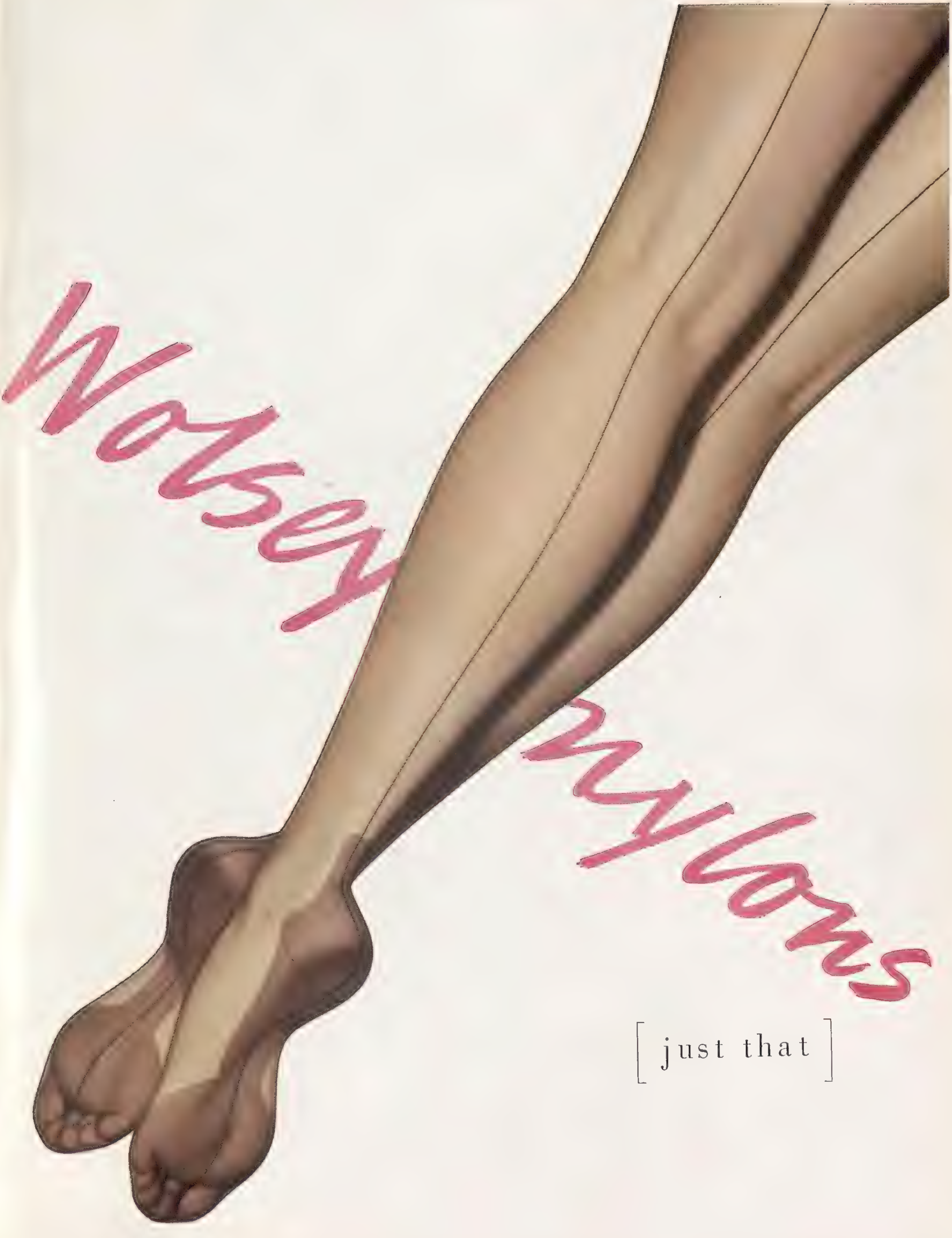
Wolsey nylons
[just that]

Dear Harry...

Arrive sooner — stay longer — do more. Fly by B.O.A.C. pressurized Speedbird to any of fifty-one countries on all six continents. Meals and mealtime drinks are complimentary. No extras for comprehensive Speedbird service backed by 32 years' flying experience. Consult your Travel Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1951

THE QUEEN AND THE PAGE

Little Dominic Stuart asked Her Majesty how she liked his outfit. He had just been acting page at the wedding of Miss Mary Bowes-Lyon, twin daughter of the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, of Gastlings, Southill, Bedfordshire, to Lieut. Timothy Colman, R.N., son of the late Captain Geoffrey Colman, and of Mrs. Colman, of Framlingham Chase, Norwich. Princess Margaret accompanied the Queen to the ceremony, which took place in the 800-year-old Priory Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield.

"I am so glad, my Lord Mayor, that you have decided to replace the effigies of Gog and Magog. . . ." Prime Minister Mr. Churchill replies to London's new Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, after being toasted by him at the banquet at Guildhall.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

DR. ARTHUR BRYANT, an old and good friend, has sent me an advance copy of his latest book, which appears next month. With it he sends me a charming note saying: "As the enclosed impinges at moments on your life as well as mine, I thought it might amuse you." That is quite true. It does. I suppose there are, for all of us, periods of our lives to which we look back as being as nearly entirely happy as anything in this world is likely to be. For me, my second year at Oxford and, I think, the year 1936 would measure up to that standard. And of all the pleasant memories of 1936, the many, many week-ends spent down at Arthur's charming little seventeenth-century house at East Claydon (surely the most perfect small country house there ever was?) remain among the most vivid. The candle-flames reflected in the dark mahogany of the dining-room table and blurring the varnish of the great Shakerley portraits, the lamp-light in the drawing-room, the harpsichord, with that charming book of eighteenth-century songs which Arthur had picked up at a sale for 12s., and Arthur himself reading that magnificent chapter describing the Fire of London from his own "Pepys" in a reading voice which is only, to my mind, matched by that of J. F. Roxburgh, lately Headmaster of Stowe, and by the late Lord Baldwin.

Few even among his intimates would suspect this kindly historian and admirable lecturer of having committed a war-time "atrocity." But I must reveal that this is believed by some to be the case. Years before I met him, I was shown the shell of a non-military building some three miles outside Freiburg-im-Breisgau, where a British aviator had dropped two bombs in World War I. Later I heard the story from a fellow-member of the long-distance Bomber Squadron of Lord Trenchard's Independent Air Force, in which Arthur served in 1918. Twelve aircraft took off to fly the huge distance of 120 miles, laden with two bombs, each weighing fully 100 lb., to attack the junction and marshalling yards at Freiburg-im-Breisgau. Twenty-two bombs were dropped on or near the target. Two—and my informant said that the squadron were convinced that they came from Arthur's aircraft—landed three miles away on this non-military target. There was, however, a sequel. A year or two after the war, Arthur was staying in a near-by town. The hotel was almost empty, and he fell into conversation with the waiter. He asked him what he had done in the war, to which the reply was that he had been in the German Ack-Ack defending the Rhine towns. "Oh," said Arthur, "then you must often have fired at me, because I used to bomb them." The effect on the waiter was immediate. "I must go and fetch the proprietor," he replied. Feeling was still running pretty high, and Arthur felt that it was quite possible that a single, unprotected Englishman might well be lynched. Not a bit of it. Back came the proprietor and asked, with a low bow, whether the "Gnädige Herr" would do him the honour of accepting the finest bottle of wine which he still had in his cellars. Later he pressed on him a glass from the only bottle of Napoleon brandy which war and occupation had left him, together with the freedom of his last box of genuine Havana cigars. Only later did it transpire what this was all in aid of. The proprietor, it appeared, had had an aunt from whom he had expectations, but who enjoyed, from his point of view, disconcertingly rude health. An English aviator had scored a direct hit on this lady, and ever after, the proprietor of the hotel (which this had enabled him to become) had cherished the highest regard for the gentlemen of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force.

BY the time this appears I shall have seen the much-publicised *South Pacific*. I wonder whether I shall be disappointed. *Oklahoma!* remains in my memory as the musical to end musicals (I do not think we shall see another such in our life-time) and *Annie Get Your Gun* ran it very close. Certainly

the agreeable Mr. Josh Logan, who wrote the book, prepared me for such a disappointment when I met him recently. He played down *South Pacific* as hard as he could go. I was most impressed. Here, indeed, was unusual candour. On second thoughts, however, it occurs to me that we may be witnessing a new technique in propaganda. Only the brashest of advertising men still use the superlatives of an earlier age. Indeed, these seem to be confined now to the technicoloured outbursts of the Transatlantic film gents. But Mr. Logan appeared to me to be going one better. He was almost begging his friends not to expect too much. However, night-club bands, who always seem to be four years ahead of the appearance in this country of any Transatlantic show, and private owners of smuggled American records, have done their work well. "Some Enchanted Evening," "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" and "There's Nothing Like a Dame," seem destined to take their place beside "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "People Will Say We're in Love," "I'm Just a Girl Who Can't Say No," and "Doing What Comes Naturally."

I SEE that an aftermath of the General Election is that one exuberant voter was run in for being drunk in charge of a barrow. There are many curious aspects of the laws governing the nice relationship between a celebration and the police courts. There is, for example, I believe, the fact that if you should have celebrated not wisely but too well, and, recognising this, invite somebody else to drive your car, you are still technically "in charge" of that car and liable for the full penalties of the law. Even should a driver go to sleep in the back seat of his stationary vehicle, he is "drunk in charge." One lawyer who specialises in these things tells me that should a driver leave his car outside his house, over-indulge at a neighbour's, and decide not to put his car away but go quietly and circumspectly to bed, he is still liable, should he get into an argument with a policeman, to be run in for the serious crime of being "drunk in charge."

From the serious to the ridiculous (or is it from the ridiculous to the ridiculous ?). I always recall with pleasure the pre-war newspaper item in which it said that a man was had up for being "drunk in charge of a llama." He was not, I must hasten to point out, a member of the Foreign Service who had gone too far in the "lushing-up" of a visiting potentate from Central Asia, for in the words of the poem :

The llama of the pampasses
You never should confound
Despite a deceptive similarity of sound.
With a lhama, who is Lord of Turkistan.

He was, in fact, a gentleman who was exercising his beast during the period of the circus at Olympia. He had, it transpired, taken his charge to all the pubs in the neighbourhood, where it had disturbed some of the regulars, some of whom had still not recovered from the sight of six large elephants in line, each one holding the tail of its predecessor with its trunk, shuffling round the quieter streets of Kensington for exercise.

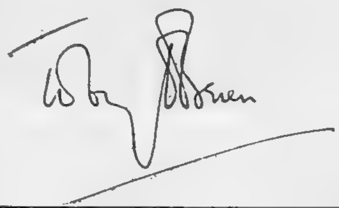
Strong waters may have the effect of heightening normal youthful exuberance, and I see that some students gave that plea when they were found in possession of "an advertising sign which was suspected of being unlawfully obtained" after a "rag" in, of all places, Carey Street. Perhaps they had in mind the famous story of the lively young Oxonian who, when pursued by police and bulldogs for having appropriated a street sign, climbed up a shop-front, where he refused to surrender his trophy, with the Biblical retort, which was more appreciated by his fellow-undergraduates than his pursuers : "A wicked and adulterous generation shall ask for a sign, but I say unto you that unto them shall no sign be given." Readers of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse will recall the terrible complications which arose from the Boat Race night rag when "Young Sippy" was so misguided as to try to take a policeman's helmet "while the policeman was still inside it"—an escapade which involved Bertie Wooster in a stinging reproof from the Bench which began, "As for the prisoner Leon Trotsky—a name which I am tempted to believe is assumed . . ." Nowadays, with the high cost of replacement of everything, the habit of collecting souvenirs is no longer funny. Indeed, the narrow line between souvenir-collecting and plain theft is now distinctly thin. Mr. Gerry Harris, who keeps that pleasant little inn, The Bell, at Aston Clinton (and incidentally has a wine-cellar which many of the more pretentious London establishments would be well advised to emulate), showed me recently a whole line of empty hooks from which his former fine collection of pewter pots had been "lifted" under his very nose.

UMBRELLAS are, I suppose, another matter. I was always brought up by my father with certain essential basic beliefs, such as that you should never call London, "Town"; that like Lord Dunsany's famous character in that most admirable of dog-books, *My Talks With Dean Spanley*, you should "never trust a tee-totaller or a man who wears elastic-sided boots"; and that you should never take an umbrella to the Athenæum "for fear of the bishops." I remember when I was eighteen and was the proud possessor of my first umbrella (it had, I feel sure, a malacca handle, and I also feel sure that I knew no better than to leave those silk bobble things still attached) lunching there with an elderly relative. When we had finished, my umbrella had disappeared. My name and telephone number were left with the hall porter. A month later the telephone rang, and I was informed that my umbrella had been found. On asking where it had been, the reply was : "I fear his Lordship of Truro took it."

Incidentally, the petty larceny of an umbrella led to the writing of an admirable little quatrain in a neighbouring club, the Travellers'. Many years ago there was a distinguished old gentleman of blameless life (whom we shall call Sir Snodgrass Podwhistle), whom, however, unseasonal autumnal stirrings led into the Park, an "incident," the police courts and the *News of the World*. A little while later a fellow-member of the Travellers' finding his umbrella gone, indignantly demanded what had happened to it. A club servant replied : "I think, Sir, I saw Sir Snodgrass going out with it." The irate umbrella-owner, seizing a piece of notepaper, scribbled the following :

"Sir Snodgrass, I would have you mark,
The Travellers' Club is not the Park,
Pinch (if you must) some bright-eyed polly,
But, damn you, don't you pinch my brolly!"

MY recent notes on the genealogy of stories, and my theory of the manner in which the same anecdote crops up in each generation, applied however to different, if suitable, individuals, has now been proved up to the hilt. Readers of this column may recall that, not so long ago, I told a story, very little known in this country, and indeed in America to-day, of William Jennings Bryan's campaign against William Howard Taft. He ended a highly rhetorical speech with a prophecy that his wife, who was sleeping in his special campaign train, would, however, be sleeping in a twelve-month in the White House in Washington, to which a voice replied : "She will be sleeping with old Bill Taft, then!" In the few weeks which have passed since it appeared, I have been told the same story back by half-a-dozen people, and it has appeared in print at least twice—but this time applied to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee!



SOLVING THE CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM

IT is never easy to choose Christmas gifts and be sure that they are just the right thing for the friend for whom they were chosen.

There is, however, one gift which many of our readers have told us always calls forth letters of genuine gratitude, and that is a year's subscription to THE SKETCH. *This is by no means only applicable to friends and relations abroad but to those at home in England. In both cases the regular delivery of* THE SKETCH *throughout the year keeps your friends in constant touch with all the interesting things that are happening in the Theatre, the Cinema, and the worlds of Art, Literature and Fashion. It keeps them in touch, too, with important social functions in various parts of the country, in some of which they will almost certainly have a personal interest, and in others of which they will renew the acquaintance of mutual friends. And we need hardly add that every time* THE SKETCH *is delivered to them they will be reminded of your happy Christmas thought.*

Orders for subscriptions can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to the Subscription Department, THE SKETCH, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The cost of the subscription, which includes the extra Christmas Number, and, of course, postage, is as follows :*

For friends overseas : Canada, £2 19s. ; elsewhere abroad, £3. For friends at home : £3.

The United Nations Association Dinner Ball

The International Dinner Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of the United Nations Association, was supported by 500 guests of a host of nationalities. Ambassadors and High Commissioners were dancing there; and young people included Miss Una Slim, daughter of F.M. Sir William Slim, Miss Alison Attlee and her fiancé. Guests of honour were Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, who made a number of lucky dips, and left with some prizes from the tombola. Bill Savill and his Orchestra supplied the music, and an exhibition of dancing was given by Victor Barrett and Doreen Freeman.

Prince Georg of Denmark who, with Princess Georg, were the guests of honour, sat at the main table with Mrs. R. G. Bowes-Lyon, Chairman of the Ball.

Dancing in progress at the Dorchester. In the foreground is the table of Mrs. Gifford, with Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier and Mr. and Mrs. Tiarks.

Sir Laurence Olivier sat at dinner between Mrs. Gifford, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.

Cabaret. Miss T. W. Suwansi and Mr. Sapto performed a traditional Indonesian Candle Dance.

At Lord Annaly's (left) table is Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, and Mr. Vagn Riis-Hansen, of Copenhagen.

Captain A. S. Wiggett, R.N., with Mrs. Sousek, wife of the U.S. Naval Attaché, and Colonel A. R. Kier, U.S.M.C., Asst. U.S. Naval Attaché.

L. to r.: Mrs. John Burroughs, Mrs. Gerald Harrison, Mrs. Doreen Ryan, Mrs. John Cowley, Miss Fay Smythe, and Mrs. Miles Eadon, all of Johannesburg, South Africa.

Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams, with Lady Ralph Cochrane, wife of the Vice-Chief of Air Staff, and General Leon Johnson, U.S.A.F.

Miss Nancy Scott, organiser, Mrs. Walter Hutchinson, General Hawthorn and Miss Dorothy Meynell.

The Mayoress of Westminster chatted with Mr. R. G. Bowes-Lyon.

Sons of the Belgian Ambassador, Messieurs Martel and Romano Obert de Thieusies, partnered Mlle. Anne Heilbronner and Mlle. Jacqueline Floor.

Miss Adrienne van de Sands joked with Mrs. Salimuzzaman, wife of the Third Secretary, the Pakistan Embassy in Paris.

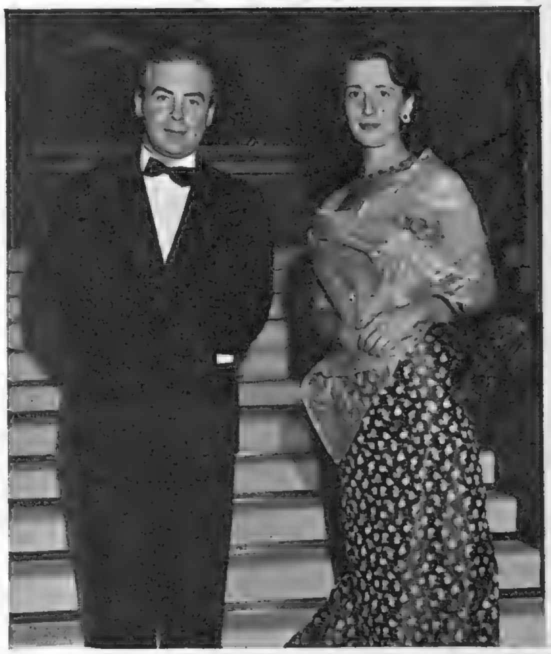
Before the Ball began: Captain and Mrs. R. G. Bowes-Lyon (Chairman of the Ball), Air Vice-Marshal Bennett, and Sir Harold Bowden.

Philippine folk-dancing was performed by Rudolfo de la Rosa and Teresita, José and Maria Romero, the Philippine Ambassador's children.

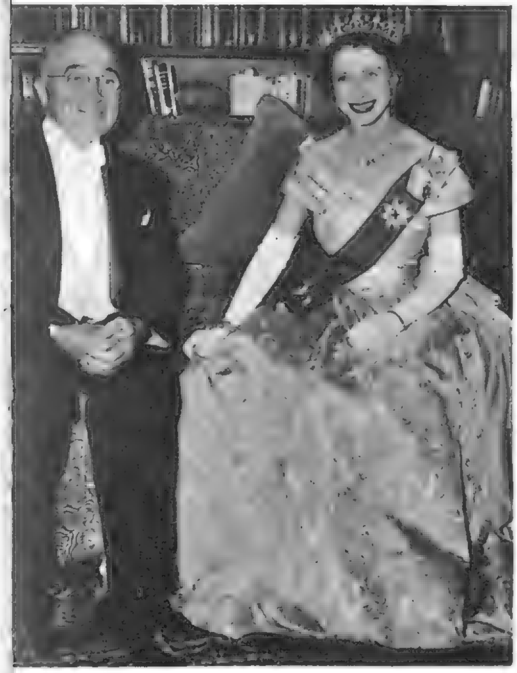
Excerpts from our Social Diary

OCT. 31.—MISS TRELOAR, daughter of London's Lord Mayor, 1907-8, opened Treloar House at the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the Disabled, Leatherhead Court, Surrey.

NOV. 1.—LORD MOUNTBATTEN paused to emphasize a point as he chatted with General Cariappa, C.-in-C., Indian Army. They were guests at Mr. Krishna's reception in honour of Mrinalini Sarabhai and company.



NOV. 1.—"SOUTH PACIFIC." First-nighters at Drury Lane to see this long-awaited musical were international, distinguished, chic. Among them, *left*: Mrs. Jinx Falkenburg (McCreery), U.S.A. socialite and TV commentator, friend of star Mary Martin, talked to Mr. William Safire. *Centre:* H.E. the Swedish Ambassador and his elegant wife, Mme. Hägglof. *Right:* Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wontner.



NOV. 1. — FROM THE CANADIAN EMBASSY, Washington, this charming photograph. Princess Elizabeth was hostess at a formal dinner to President and Mrs. Truman.

NOV. 1.—LORD SUIRDALE, son of the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore, married Miss Sheila Parsons, daughter of the late Mr. F. F. Parsons, and of Mrs. John McCulloch, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, W.1. Bride had two small attendants, Christina and David Parsons. The Hon. Mark Hely-Hutchinson was best man. Reception at 6, Stanhope Gate: and France for the honeymoon.

NOV. 2.—WEST WARWICKSHIRE farmers held their Hunt Ball at Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon. About 250 people present, and a good party—the day after their opening meet. *Left:* Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rymond listened to a word from Mr. Cecil Wright, a member of the North Warwick. *Centre:* Between dances: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mason chatted with Mr. Geoffrey Harper (standing). *Right:* Captain and Mrs. G. Banham.

NOV. 3.—OPENING MEET of the S. Oxfordshire held at mid-Georgian home of the Master, Newington House. They found straightaway, had a 45-minute run; lost him, found another, killed at Cadwell. Good jumping; four empty saddles! In picture huntsman Jim Stanley; Mr. H. S. Rubin, M.F.H., Mrs. and Col. Alan Dower, the Master, Hon. Mrs. Hermon Hodge, the Hon. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert, Sir Harry and Miss Floyd.

NOV. 4.—FIONA CAMPBELL trains for Oslo Winter Olympic Games in R.A.F. wind tunnel, Farnborough, testing body angles for wind resistance.

NOV. 5.—PRINCESS MARGARET'S Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Jennifer Jane Bevan, daughter of Mr. John and Lady Barbara Bevan, of Guillards Oak, Midhurst, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Luke Lowther, son of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther, of Guilsborough Court, Northampton.

NOV. 6.—THE V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt held their opening meet at Bibury Court, Bibury, Glos., home of Sir Orme and Lady Clarke. With this splendid old house as a background, before the start are, l. to r.: the Hon. George Bathurst, Major M. C. Watson, joint Master, and Lord Bathurst, the Master.

(Continued overleaf)

Excerpts from our Social Diary

NOV. 6.—LADY NORMANBY (left), chairman, was At Home to supporters of the United Appeal for the Blind, to aid which the Stock Exchange's Dramatic Society will give gala performance of *Present Laughter* at Scala on December 13. Centre: Mrs. Jack Davis, and, right, Miss Monica Michell.

NOV. 6.—PRINCESSE MARIE-GABRIELLE, daughter of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg and Prince Félix, married Count Knud von Holstein-Ledreborg of Denmark at the little village church in Colmar-Berg, Luxemburg. Torch-light processions, folk dances in Castle court added gaiety.

NOV. 7.—LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL used a swizzle-stick for the cup chocolate at her stall, during the Annual Christmas Fair in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association, held at the Hyde Park Hotel. And on the *right*: Mrs. Churchill—her first public appearance since her husband's return to the Premiership—had considerable fun selling all sorts of glamorous accessories at the Beauty Parlour stall.

NOV. 7.—"STORM OF FLOWERS" is one of John Armstrong's paintings on view at his show in the Lefevre Galleries. His new fantasies range from flowers to umbrellas; are in wonderful colour, serene, rich. He explains his use of symbolism in a foreword to the catalogue. His pre-Private View cocktail party was packed.

(Continued from previous pages)

NOV. 8.—WESTMINSTER WEDDING. The Queen and Princess Margaret were present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the Hon. Robin R. Plunket, brother of Lord Plunket, married Jennifer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Southwell, of Crocodile Leap Farm, near Johannesburg, South Africa.

NOV. 8.—SARAH CHARLOTTE HOLMAN, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Holman, was christened at St. Mary's, Pulborough. Her godparents are: Mrs. Ivor Herbert, Miss Monica Stourton, the Hon. Thomas Ponsonby, Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose and Mr. John Holman, for whom Mr. D. Holman stood proxy.

NOV. 10.—THE LYGON ARMS, Broadway, Worcs., was the venue for the opening meet of the North Cotswold Hunt. Big crowd assembled before the famous sixteenth-century hotel (Oliver Cromwell stayed there); and here is joint-Master, Major R. G. Fanshawe, with some of the riders and hounds before the start.

NOV. 13.—ARMY ART Society opened its 20th Exhibition at Imperial Institute, S. Kensington. Contributors include all Services—all ranks. Above: F.M. Sir C. Auchinleck discussed with Gen. Sir Lionel Bond his painting of Florence.

NOV. 13.—INNOVATION. To help beat the Light Blues, Oxford University Boat Club has adopted *Leviathan*, specially built coaching punt. Here, the whale-shaped craft was rowed by sixteen Blues, on River Isis, after launching. Club President L. A. F. Stokes is in the stern (left).

NOV. 13.—PLUS *POPPET* THE POODLE, Mary Soames, Mr. Churchill's youngest daughter, stood with her husband Captain Soames to watch the sale of eighty Dairy Shorthorns at Chartwell. The P.M. wanted to make room for Jerseys instead. Captain Soames, M.P., manages the farm for his father-in-law; lives on the estate.

REVERTING . . . to the opening, on Oct. 4, of the new Débutante Bar at well-known Knightsbridge restaurant *The Brief Encounter* (*The Sketch*, Oct. 24, page 423), may we make it clear that *The Brief Encounter* is owned and run by Mrs. Ida Sawbridge. Miss Sarah Henderson (above, right) manages this new Bar for her.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

A. E. MATTHEWS, O.B.E., eighty-two-year-old G.O.M. of stage and screen, whose vocabulary doesn't include the word "retire."

Eighty-two, and a recent recipient of the O.B.E., is actor A. E. Matthews, whose birthday falls to-morrow, November 22. Born at Bridlington in 1869, this amazing personality, who looks no more than sixty, is a son of one of the original Christy Minstrels, and great-nephew of Tom Matthews, the clown. He began his stage career sixty-five years ago as a call-boy at Princes Theatre, and he is to-day as active as ever, in repertory, films and TV. The list of the parts he has played is formidable; perhaps his most famous being that of Lord Lister in *The Chiltern Hundreds*, which had a very long run.

Sometimes he recites new parts to his animals: here, to his calf *Golden Sarah*.

He likes to go for a good walk, exercising his dogs *Charlie* and the legally named and, we hope, lawfully behavioured *Sir Norman Birkett*.

A quiet cigarette in the drawing-room of his Bushey Heath home "Prospect Cottage." Photographs above the mantel-piece include those of Marie Tempest, Lily Langtry, Gerald du Maurier; below are pictures from *The Chiltern Hundreds*.

À LA CARTE

The Gourmet's Phantasmagoria

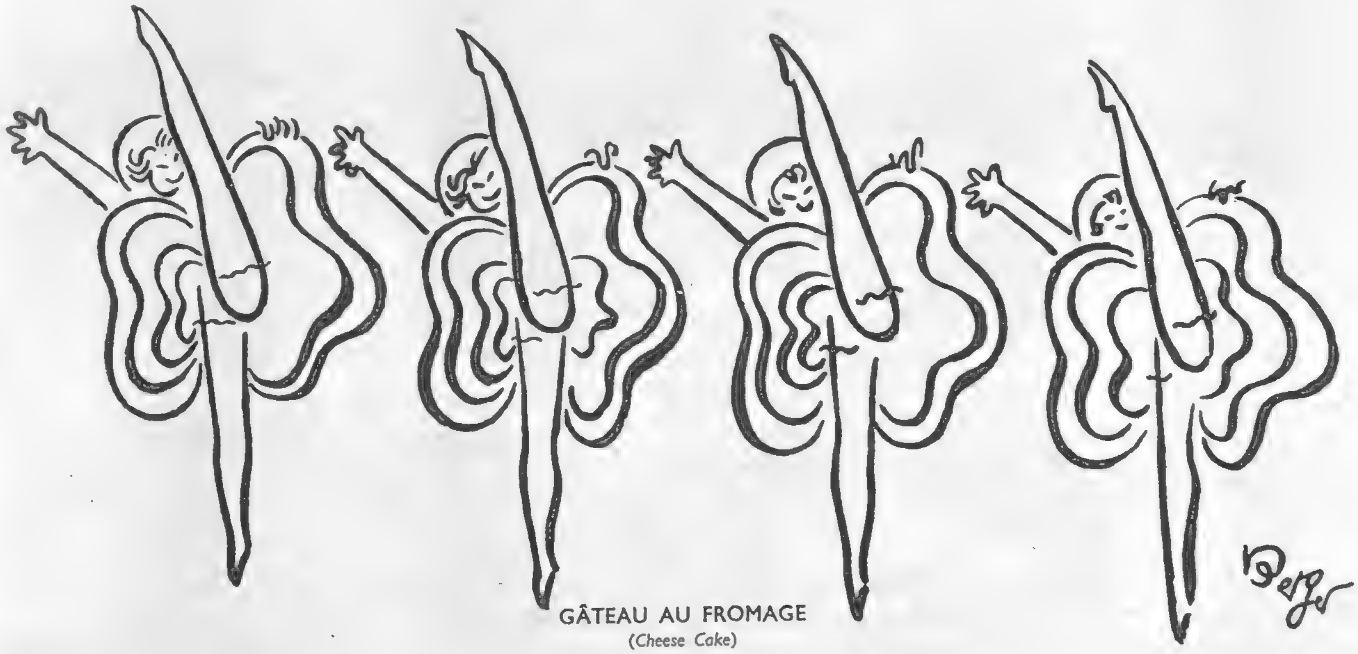
That brilliant caricaturist of world celebrities, Oscar Berger, turns his attention to food in his new book *À La Carte*, published by Hutchinson's. We have chosen these five dishes from the fifty witty cartoons into which he has cooked the piquant spices of an epicurean orgy.

CIVET DE LIÈVRE
(Jugged Hare)

CÔTELETTES D'AGNEAU EN DEMI-DEUIL
(Lamb Chops in Half-Mourning)

CANARD À LA PRESSE
(Duck à la Press)

SALADE HÉLÈNE
(Celery, Mayonnaise, Beets, Walnuts)



GÂTEAU AU FROMAGE
(Cheese Cake)

OVERLEAF : TABLE D'HÔTE

M. Henri Malet, F.R.C.I., G.C.A. (right), President, Association Culinaire Française, ordered his wine. Next to him is M. X. Gauthier, French Consul-General, and left, Mr. Sheriff C. J. Harman.

Table d'Hôte..

MENU

La Crème Royale à l'Oseille

Le Délice de Sole Universel

Le Suprême de Volaille du Surrey
à la Grosvenor
Les Petits Pois Fins au Beurre
Les Pommes Olivettes

La Poire de Comice Elisabeth
Le Mont Blanc
Les Mignardises

Le Moka Malabar

L. to r.: M. A. Cadier, C.M.A., M.C.A. (President, International Academy of Chefs), Mrs. Roy Snell and Lieut.-General Sir Humfrey Gale.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke chatted to Mr. J. Odone, Chairman, the U.C.F.A.

Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir Piers Legh, President, the U.C.F.A., had the retiring Lady Mayoress, the Hon. Lady Lowson, for neighbour.

Colonel J. Hulme Taylor, Marshal of the City of London, studied the ménu with Mrs. L. Parazian.

... being an important occasion for gourmets. The dinner of the Universal Cookery and Food Association at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, Oct. 31.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

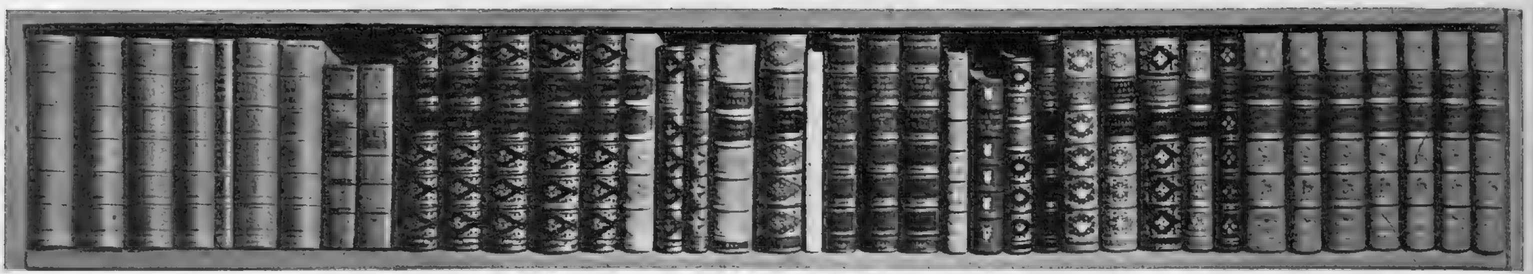
M. René Lebègue, Chef de Cuisine, Grosvenor House, toasted the guests after he had shaken off the cares of preparing the dinner and had been presented with the Association's souvenir gold medal to mark the occasion. On his right are the Hon. Lady Lowson, Sir Piers Legh and the then Lord Mayor, Sir Denys Lowson.

Miss Raymonde Laplanche is served with a luscious-looking sweet watched by M. Auguste Laplanche, famous chef of the Savoy Hotel.

L. to r.: Mr. A. C. Juriens, Chairman of Hotel-Olympia, 1952, Mrs. L. Trompetto, Mr. S. Trompetto of the Albany Club, and Mr. Leon Trompetto, of Grosvenor House, Chairman of the Chefs' Association.

Baron Marochetti in earnest conversation with Mme. Prunier, of Prunier's Restaurant, London and Paris.

At the top table, l. to r.: Sir Bracewell Smith, Hon. Vice-President and former Lord Mayor of London, Mrs. J. Odone and the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Hon. Vice-President and Supreme Don and President of Le Cordon Rouge.



OUR BOOKSHELF

Christmas Shopping Edition

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

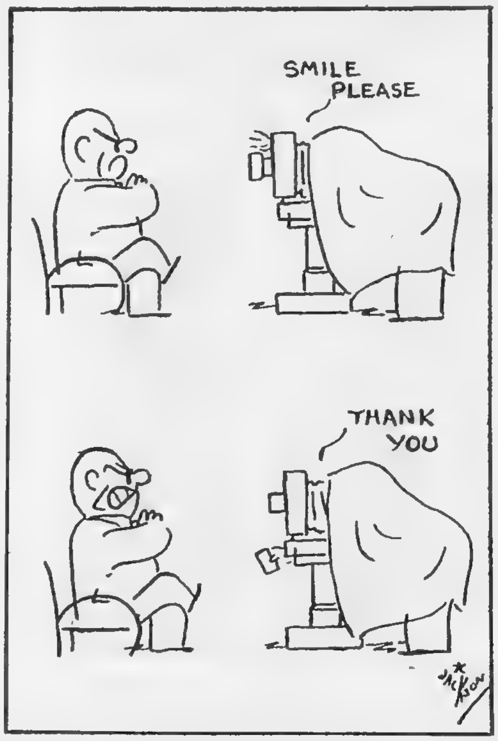
I LIKE the old story of the woman who was asked if she was going to give her husband a book for Christmas, and said: "No. He has one already." There are men for whom her reply was reasonable, particularly if the one book was a *Bradshaw* or the only volume which my father ever consulted, *A List of the Members of the Stock Exchange.* But there are still plenty of people—and let us writers be thankful for it—who expect books at Christmas, for whom books are almost as important and seasonable as port wine and crystallised fruit, though not, of course, as essential as turkey and a bottle of Scotch. For these enthusiasts, books are expected to be of a certain kind, "*not*" as a lady explained to me recently, "not just novels, but books with something *in* them." This year there is a wide choice, and if it seems to book-buyers that prices have increased since last year, let it be remembered that they are not yet 50 per cent. higher than in 1939, though the prices of most commodities have risen by 200 or 300 per cent.

For many thousands of people the whole problem of Christmas presents will be solved by the news that there is a new book by Beverley Nichols in the *Garden Path* tradition. It is called *Merry Hall* (Cape; 15s.), and is as deliciously frivolous as its predecessors. A more earnest book about a house is *Purse Barley,* by Kathleen Thomas (Westaway; 12s. 6d.). This recreates some of the pleasant life of an old Devon farmhouse with emphasis on the interior.

BOOKS about places in England include J. C. Trewin's *The Story of Bath* (Staples; 9s. 6d.), Maurice Gorham's *Londoners* (Marshall; 12s. 6d.) with its happily grotesque sketches by Edward Ardizzone, *English Spas,* by William Addison (Batsford; 16s.), a richly illustrated book, and a guidebook with illustrations apparently by Technicolor called *The Good Time Guide to London* (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), a title which at least one embittered countryman thinks paradoxical. *This Fair Country,* by Godfrey Winn (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is an interview with England. It is well illustrated and has all the "go" and sustained vivacity which have made this author popular. Old and new travel books are Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to Corsica,* with a long and valuable Introduction by Morchard Bishop (Williams and Norgate; 9s. 6d.), Negley Farson's *Caucasian Journey* (Evans; 12s. 6d.), the story of a pre-war visit, and *The Broken Link,* by "Cornet" (Bles; 12s. 6d.), nostalgic recollections of the North-West Frontier of India.

Four autobiographies which are very well contrasted are *The Last of the Irish R.M.'s,* by Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson (Cassell; 15s.); *Trail of an Artist-Naturalist,* by Ernest Thompson Seton (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.); *The Bad Old Days,* by Charles Graves (Faber; 15s.), and *One Man in His Time,* by Bruce Belfrage (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.). Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson is expansive rather than garrulous in recalling the days before 1915 when a Resident Magistrate in Ireland was appointed by the British Government. Mr. Graves remembers a life of journalism in the vigorous descriptive prose of his calling. Mr. Thompson Seton's name has been familiar to most of us since childhood, and this pensive story of his own life is as enchanting as his stories of the Wilds. Mr. Belfrage's name is familiar in a very different context, but there will doubtless be readers for this rather conventional life-story of the man who announced so many catastrophes and triumphs.

BIOGRAPHIES give no less scope for discrimination, varying from that of Geoffrey Chaucer to the life-story of Admiral Beatty. *Henry Irving,* by Laurence Irving (Faber; 50s.), is the most imposing of these, a titan of a book which will be recognised, I think, as one of the great theatrical biographies and a worthy monument. Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers writes *The Life and Letters of David Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet* (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.), from a great deal of material, letters, journals and papers preserved by the family. "It is too near his lifetime to reveal all that he wrote," he says, so that this must be an interim biography of a man who "has taken his place with the great sea captains of the nation." Miss Marchette Chute's *Geoffrey Chaucer of England* (Hale; 15s.) is a quite brilliant book, easily readable yet backed by fine scholarship and critical judgment. I recommend it most heartily and not only to those interested in history or literature. Two biographies of musicians and one of a musical impresario are in their several ways well done—*Fritz Kreisler,* by Louis P. Lochner (Rockliff; 25s.), *Toscanini,* by Howard Taubman (Odhams; 15s.) and *The Life of Jullien,* by Adam Carse (Heffer; 15s.).



There are some good books on different sports. *Horses and Horsemen,* by Major John Board (Elliot; 6s.), is "for all who ride, jump, show or hunt, go in for point-to-point racing, play polo or merely watch these pastimes." *Steeplechasing,* by John Hislop, illustrated by John Skeaping (Hutchinson; 30s.), is more specialised and thorough, a finely produced book. *The Fisherman's Handbook,* by George Brennand (Ward Lock; 21s.), is also very well produced with plates in colour and plentiful other illustrations. It is, moreover, very well written and doubtless authoritative, until the author, in "Some Remarks on the Cooking of Salmon," advises his readers to commit that capital offence—boil fish in water. *Golf My Way,* by Dai Rees (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a slim (88 pages) but practical volume. *Wheels Round the World,* by Alan Hess (Neame; 15s.), tells of some long-distance motoring, and *The Archer's Craft,* by Adrian Eliot Hodgkin (Faber; 35s.), not only discusses archery but gives detailed instructions for the making of bows and arrows.

THERE are, too, some practical books for the home. *Cooking from Scratch,* by Kathleen le Riche (Faber; 21s.), asks us to believe in too elementary a beginning—its author describes herself as cooking wet bacon in deep fat before she learnt better. *The Plain Man's Guide to Wine,* by Raymond Postgate (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), also "starts small," but grows useful and comprehensive. *The Well-Dressed Woman,* by Georgie Henschel (Phœnix House; 8s. 6d.), looks excellent—I wouldn't know. *Cook It the French Way,* by Barbara Wilcox and Paul Vigoureux (Wingate; 7s. 6d.), lives up to its title — and that says everything. *In Your Garden,* by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph; 15s.), seems to me the best book on gardening to be published for many years. No one, however small or large his garden, could fail to learn something from it, and it is beautifully written.

News from Cornwall, by A. K. Hamilton Jenkin (Westaway; 15s.), is based on letter-books and memoranda left by an eighteenth-century ancestor of the writer's. *The House of Coalport* 1750-1950, by Compton Mackenzie (Collins; 16s.), traces the story of the great pottery firm and is bright with coloured plates. *Journeys in England,* edited by Jack Simmons (Odhams; 15s.), is an anthology of English travel pieces. *London Immortals,* by Theodora Benson (Wingate; 15s.), most entertainingly raises the ghosts of many great men who have lived in London.

LASTLY, and perhaps most appropriately, four books which, by category anyway, are "humorous." *The Swiss Family Perelman,* by S. J. Perelman (Reinhardt and Evans; 12s. 6d.), is as funny as other books by this author and the illustrations by Hirschfeld rather funnier. *Grit and Polish,* by Oliver Anderson (Barker; 9s. 6d.), is more self-conscious and resolute in its humour. In *The Turps,* by Damon Runyon (Constable; 12s. 6d.), all the Turp material has been collected from previous books and some new letters added. And there is *The Pick of Punch* (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.).

TELLING GRANDAD . . .

. . . all about his presents. On Prince Charles's third birthday—a great occasion—the King was photographed for the first time since his illness, when he joined the birthday party celebrations at Buckingham Palace. His grandson is giving him a first-hand account of an exciting day.

A LITTLE BOY'S BIRTHDAY

In the absence of his parents, H.R.H. Prince Charles, son of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh and second in succession to the Throne, spent his third birthday at Buckingham Palace with his grandparents, the King and Queen, and baby sister Princess Anne. The cake, with its three candles and decorations, was a present from Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, Princess Elizabeth's Comptroller. Below, the three-year-old is seen out in his pram with his nurse. This sturdy, handsome, lively little boy is growing into a definite personality.

GROWING UP!

Three birthday portraits which show that Prince Charles has passed from babyhood into boyhood.

Photographs by Marcus Adams.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

SLOWLY, all too slowly, the ranks of the television countries are swelling. The latest recruit is Holland, and Belgium is turning it over in her mind. Then there is Denmark, France and, of course, ourselves. The European array, after six years of peace and technical development, is not impressive. This is not only saddening, but surprising, for surely it must be obvious to everyone by now that television will inevitably play an increasingly important part in our lives. Though, at the moment, its chief function is to provide home entertainment, the time will come when *any* kind of communication by sound only will be as old-fashioned as bows and arrows. The coyness with which European countries are approaching television is even more surprising when one considers the unique opportunity it offers for unifying the Continent.

One hears a great deal of Western Unity nowadays, with everybody urging everybody else to "Get Together." The need is obvious, but unfortunately conferences can only produce scraps of paper. Unity between countries can only come from the people themselves, and nothing will induce them to get together unless they understand each other and come to appreciate each other's way of life. Travel helps, but where few can travel, many can sit before a television set. Just think how television is bringing our own national life, literally, home to us. Then think how a properly co-ordinated international programme could bring home to us the places and customs that are at the present "abroad" and "foreign." It is only a simple step in logic to say that if the network could be spread even wider, to include the entire world, that television could be the greatest single factor to promote a universal peace.

But the immediate prospect is depressing, even between the pathetic little squad of European television countries. The chief obstacle is the modern Tower of Babel which the radio engineers and manufacturers have created among themselves with their difference of line-definition. We could not share a programme with France, for instance, because Paris transmits on 445 lines or 819—our system is 405. Nor could Holland join in the fun, because she has adopted 625 lines. Even the U.S.A. is different with 525. The temptation to increase the line-definition is understandable—the more lines the smoother the picture. But only in *horizontal definition*. With present technical limitations in band widths, you must lose in *vertical* definition.

But if a direct international exchange of programmes is impossible at present, it could still be done—but less satisfactorily—by recording them on film and sending them abroad in cans. But, once again, there are difficulties (a word encountered rather too often in television). These are due to the attitude of the Unions which represent the actors and the musicians. Negotiations have been dragging on for some time, but at the moment no television programme involving the use of performers may be filmed.

However, there is one heartening piece of news, and that is that there is quite a possibility of a series of programmes being relayed from France under the provisional title of *A Week in Paris*. It will have to be done with our own cameras and equipment, naturally, because of the different definition standards. But if it comes off, it will be a major triumph, and will at least prove that some are thinking on the right lines and are trying to do something about it.

Meanwhile, our own programmes have been nothing particular to write home about, and even less to write abroad about. We would except from this stricture the O.B. of the Cenotaph Ceremony. It was handled in harmony with the simple, dignified occasion.

For the rest, we have an all-over impression of greyness with nothing that deserves to be called colourful. Even drama has been undistinguished in our eyes. *The Bridesman Danger*, by Charles Lloyd-Jones, was a promising spy story which got itself hopelessly entangled with a lot of childish interplay of ideological sentimentality. *The Death of Uncle George*, by B. A. Young, might have made a good psychological thriller, but it was so short that it finished at the beginning; and *The Unknown Warrior*, by Paul Reynal, was so long that one had ample time to get bored to tears.

Our only bright spot was a thriller in the Children's Programme which really thrilled: *Show Me a Spy*, by Godfrey Harrison. There was no wordy nonsense; it confined itself entirely to the exciting adventures of the son of the British Ambassador to a Middle European country. The two juvenile players, Barry Macgregor and Michael Croudson, naturally carried off the acting honours.

Tania (Elizabeth Sellers) and Martin (Terence Morgan) are in love, but East is East and West is West when it comes to European politics. A scene from *The Bridesman Danger*, by Charles Lloyd-Jones.

Show Me a Spy, a two-part thriller in the Children's Programme, was good, solid adventure stuff. L. to r.: Edgar K. Bruce, Barry Macgregor, Michael Croudson, Ian Lubbock and Peggy Livesey.

Galsworthy's *Escape* "dates" more than some of his other plays about the under-dog, and television showed up that fact. Hugh Burden (right) played the convict-on-the-run. With him (l. to r.) are Alexander Field and Arthur Hambling.

AT THE THEATRE . . .

West End Favourites

THE LYRIC REVUE
(Globe)

From the moment that Dora Bryan minces "Information!", to Joan Heal's last indignant wriggle in the sedan-chair, the best revue for years goes its happy way. Arthur Macrae has written much of the book; with Joan Heal's vigour, the versatility of Irlin Hall—see the enchantment of that Manet picture brought to life—George Benson's neighbourly approach, Dora Bryan's tuning of accents, and Graham Payn's song-and-dance, the cast could hardly be richer.

WATERS OF THE MOON
(Haymarket)

Here, on the edge of Dartmoor, a quiet guest-house settles to the dull routine of a late December night. Suddenly it is disturbed by three visitors from an almost forgotten world of gaiety and sophistication. The place is disrupted: strange things happen on New Year's Eve. But soon the weather has cleared, the strangers have gone, and the residents try to return again to the old life. N. C. Hunter's play, written with feeling and beautifully acted—especially by Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans and Wendy Hiller—is one of the pieces of the year.

ZIP GOES A MILLION
(Palace)

Enter George Formby, with the amiable mooncalf-face, the charming grin, the ukelele, the Lancashire accent, and the way with a song. He is to spend a million dollars in three months to get another eight million. Although he manages it, the life—in and out of New York—of the boy from Newton-le-Willows is charged with anxiety. This is a simple, gay "musical extravagance": all rests upon Formby, and no shoulders could hold the burden so well.

PEEP SHOW
(Palladium)

There is not much broad comedy in this pre-Christmas revue, which is largely a series of songs, well sung for the most part (Vera Lynn and Bryan Johnson are in the cast), but comedians are certainly there. They are the Three Wiere Brothers, supple and inventive clowns; with Mildred Seymour at the piano, they are as likeable an act as we have had for some time.

A PRIEST IN THE FAMILY
(Westminster)

This is a tale of an Irish mother who wanted a priest in the family for the material benefits he would bring, and who, by her selfishness, blotted the lives of her two sons and her niece. Kieran Tunney and John Synge have written a carefully-plotted drama: although it suffers because the contrivance is too apparent, it prickles with chances for debate.

★ First Choice ★

SOUTH PACIFIC
(Drury Lane)

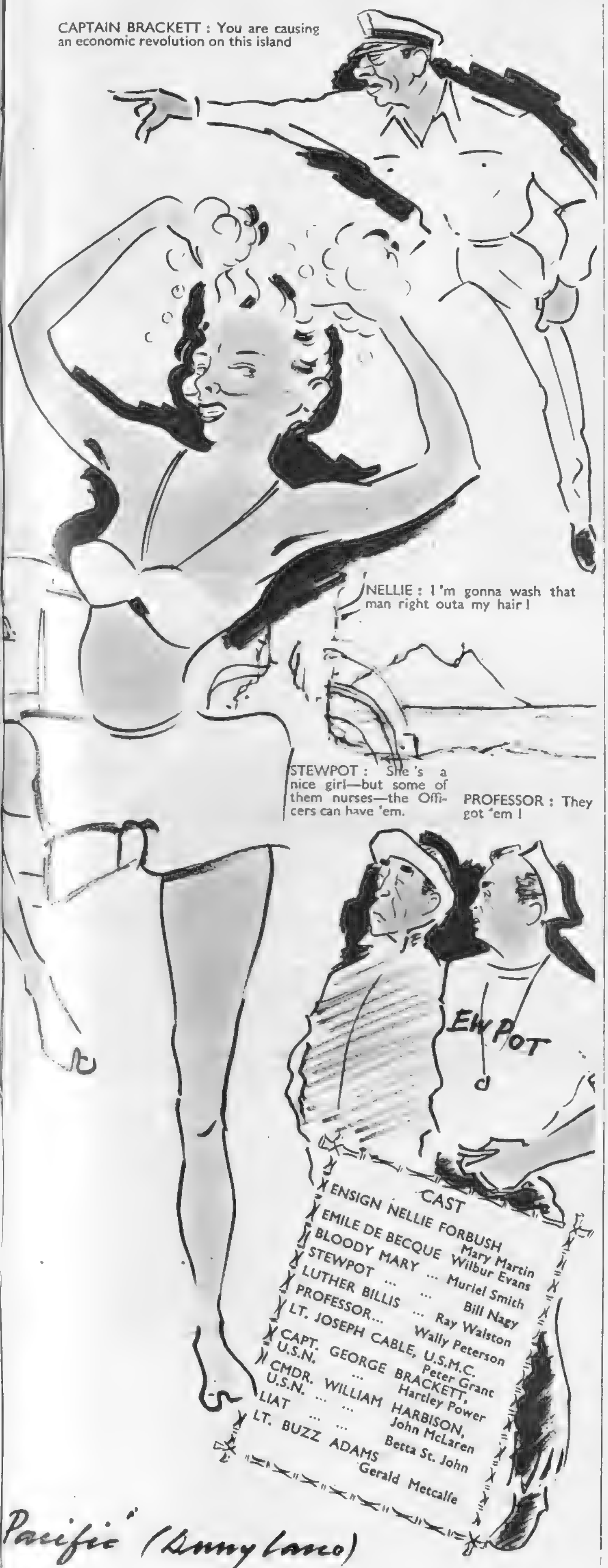
THE first night was clamorous; the next morning less so. It seemed that the long trumpeting from New York had been unwise; that it had started hopes bound to be squelched. Yet, looking back now after ten days, I am not anxious to wash the piece "right outa my hair." It is no earth-shaker. It is not an *Oklahoma!* But it has qualities of its own, and there is always Mary Martin as the nurse, Ensign Nellie. Noël Coward, in the first-night audience, must have wondered wryly on the difference between the reception of his *Pacific 1860*—also with Mary Martin—and the Rodgers-Hammerstein prize-packet.

Let us get the disappointments over. Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Joshua Logan grew excited about their mixed-marriage anecdote (against a Pacific war background) without passing much of this excitement to the audience. The plot streams on and on. Since we are always perfectly sure that Mary Martin and the middle-aged French planter (Wilbur Evans) will be united at the last, we feel that the authors are taking their time, dawdling around the obvious. The next disappointment is the lack of spectacle. The great Drury Lane stage needs to be furnished, and although Hammerstein and Logan hint to us about its furnishing, they promise more than they pay. What happened, for example, to those barbaric rites on the island of Bali H'ai?

On the other side, what is there to praise? First, of course, Mary Martin. She is a comedienne of extraordinary vigour and vitality with the attack that Drury Lane needs. Whenever she is about, *South Pacific* lives. Next, the rougher comedy. Ray Walston appears as a wildly resourceful "Seabee," with an eye for a Project. He has a nice trick of drawling over the last syllable of a word; he rests upon it with a lingering hum, a kind of bees-in-honey throb. The score is one of Richard Rodgers's best, with songs, such as "I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy," "Some Enchanted Evening" (Wilbur Evans); and the haunting "Bali H'ai" (Muriel Smith), that will be sung all over the country. I have not forgotten Mary Martin washing her hair. It is easy to laugh at the real soap-suds-and-shower. But few people wash their hair so spiritedly as Ensign Nellie Forbush, or to so bubbling a tune.

The cast generally is able; Wilbur Evans acts and sings with assurance. There is very little dancing. The sets are adequate, not much more. But the music and the principal performances are enough to carry *South Pacific*. Even if it is not the production we expected it to be, we can say at least that it is not merely all Mary Martin.

. . with J. C. TREWIN



Pacific" (Sunny Lane)

WOMEN OF TWILIGHT
(Vaudeville)

It is in Hampstead again, or hard by: a peculiarly squalid basement. This time, instead of mad women or cheerful crooks, we get only a houseful of unmarried mothers, ruled by a baby-farmer with a few interesting sidelines. Sylvia Rayman's steaming drama (for eleven women) is her first play, a high-temperature business that is never out of the torrid zone. Nobody can deny its theatrical impact. It is a long time since I have hated anyone more heartily than the spider-woman presented—with so much evil command—by Barbara Couper. Add the performances of Rene Ray, an emotional actress who can move us when in repose; Vida Hope, with her sustained raucous lisp; Miriam Karlin, as a warm-hearted Jewess; and Joslin Parlane, whose charm is without a trace of stage contrivance; and we have an excitingly-cast play. It will have the effect upon some people that *No Room at the Inn* had six years ago.

I make one small complaint. Sylvia Rayman lets the piece fade out quietly. Happily, the last scene is short, but I think a little transposition would help here. And the dramatist could afford one more character: a detective with a warrant. I want to be quite sure that Barbara Couper is cornered.

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS DICKENS
(Criterion)

THIS is the most absorbing protean performance I have seen. Emlyn Williams, in the likeness of "Boz" himself, stands behind a replica of the Dickens reading-desk, and keeps us pin-still for more than two hours with the kind of programme in which Dickens himself won new fame. It is a so-called "reading" that is actually an "untrammelled dramatic performance." Williams fills the stage with an astonishing rout of characters from, say, Paul Dombey to Monseigneur of *A Tale of Two Cities*, taking in such people as Podsnap, Bob Sawyer, Toby Magsman, Miss Tox, Mrs. Raddle, and many others straight from the classic gallery. I had always dreaded Dickens monologues. Now Emlyn Williams, with his quiet intensity, his enjoyment, and his freedom from reciter's cramp, has changed my views.

OTHELLO
(Old Vic)

A MIDDLING-TO-GOOD revival, with two players who will be first-rate in the future—Douglas Campbell and Paul Rogers—and two who are first-rate already: Irene Worth, as apt and affecting a Desdemona as we have had for years, and Coral Browne, who makes no fuss about Emilia but gets on with the job. Certainly a better night than that other *Othello*, friendly rival, in the West End.

Plans for the Future

Peter Watling, a dramatist whose first plays, *Rain on the Just* and *Wilderness of Monkeys*, gave lively hope for his future, has now written *Indian Summer*, which John Gielgud is to produce for Tennents. It is about an Anglo-Indian Army family retired to South Kensington, and it comes on December 12 to the Criterion, with Jane Baxter, Robert Flemyng and Betty Ann Davies in the cast. Another Tennent play in prospect is Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea*, which opens (with Peggy Ashcroft) at Brighton on February 14, before Town. Frith Banbury directs this modern study of an affinity between a man and woman mutually destructive.

I GOTTA HORSE

Arthur Askey is to be a jockey in the new British musical comedy, *Bet Your Life*, with book and lyrics by Alan Melville and music by Kenneth Leslie-Smith and Charles Zwar. Jack Hylton presents it next month. Besides Askey, we shall have Julie Wilson (just returned to this country) as a cabaret artist, Brian Reece as a racing correspondent, and Sally Ann Howes as an earl's daughter. *Bet Your Life* begins at Oxford on December 6.

OPENING DATES

Peter Ustinov's *The Moment of Truth*, with Eric Portman as the old marshal and John Fernald producing, opens to-night (November 21) at the Adelphi; and a week to-day (the 28th), Noël Coward's *Relative Values* begins at the Savoy, with Gladys Cooper as the Dowager in difficulties. On November 27 (Strand) Jack Waller offers an American farce, *Mary Had a Little . . .*, with Patricia Plunkett, Avril Angers, and an American actor, John Hubbard.

CHARLES LANDSTONE

All who know him in the theatre will miss Charles Landstone, Associate Drama Director of the Arts Council. Having passed the age-limit, he retires on March 31, 1952, though he will still advise on "certain specific activities." He is one of the best-liked and most expert theatre-men of his day, and the provincial stage, especially, owes much to him.

GETTING AROUND

Dennis Arundell will direct a new production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the only authentic stage version of the Disney film, for a month's twice-daily holiday season at the St. James's. The opening night is December 20. . . . Allyn McLerie has successfully taken over Yolande Donlan's part in *To Dorothy a Son* (Garrick), a year old on Friday. . . . A revival of Arnold Bennett's *The Great Adventure* begins at the Arts on November 29.

Mrs. F. Wilson's full tulle skirt flew out in a swirl as she danced with Captain R. Braybon, M.B.E., R.E.

Captain and Mrs. Ivor Sibley chatted with Commander C. H. Homan, R.N.V.R., President of the Ball.

Brighton's Naval and Military Ball, 1951

Drinking their coffee after supper were Mrs. M. Sharpe and Captain Adams, O.B.E., R.N.

Husband and wife dancing together were Lieut.-Commander R. Marlow, R.N.V.R., and his wife.

Sitting out and watching other dancers were Lieut. E. D. Kemp, R.N.V.R., and Miss Joan Osgood.

Clockwise round one of the supper tables: Mrs. G. L. Maslan, Major Russell Clifton, Mrs. G. N. Preston, Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Fletcher, R.E.M.E., Mrs. Sibley, Colonel G. Preston, R.E.M.E., A.D.M.E., of the 2nd A.A. Group, and Mrs. Fletcher.

Major Newman Rogers and Mrs. B. Weston were neighbours during supper.

And this cheerful party was waiting for the band to strike up: Front row: Mrs. F. Hunter, Miss Anne Palmer, Mrs. M. Wood, Miss Merea, Mrs. B. Leakman. Standing: The Rev. F. Hunter (Padre to 257 Field Regiment, R.A.), Captain P. Tetley, Major G. T. Birch, Major J. McGrath, Mrs. B. Everett, Mr. E. Gisholt, Major B. Leakman and Captain J. Wood.

The Royal Naval and Military Ball at Brighton on November 2 has been held in its present form for thirty years. It is the direct successor of the military Balls held when Brighton was a garrison town, dating back to Regency days. The demand for tickets was so large that the Royal Pavilion, its usual venue, had to be changed for the Grand Hotel, where a most successful evening was enjoyed. The guests arrived between a guard of honour of trumpeters from the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and these trumpeters called the party to supper by sounding the "Officers' Mess" call.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Arriving at the Grand Hotel, Captain E. S. Oliver, V.R.D., R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. *Sussex*, and Mrs. Oliver passed between trumpeters of the King's Troop, R.H.A.

A naval corner at the Ball, l. to r.: Miss Pat Shaw, Lieut. J. Saunders, R.N., Miss Anne Johnson and Mrs. J. Spencer Hawkins. Lieut. J. Spencer Hawkins, R.N.V.R., and Lieut.-Commander J. L. Harland, R.N.V.R., are standing behind.

Pausing for a drink, l. to r.: Colonel F. H. Foster, Hon. Colonel 119 Field Engineers Regiment, Mrs. Foster, Lieut.-Colonel M. de l'Orme, Mrs. Gallimore, Mrs. Pannett and Captain C. P. Gallimore, R.N.

Laughter all round at the Mayoral table. L. to r.: Lady Blaker, Councillor A. Brocke, Mayor of Hove, Colonel R. E. Green, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.A., Mrs. Brocke, Mayoress of Hove, and Sir Reginald Blaker.

MRS. PUTTS By PETER ENDER

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

IT was inevitable that Hollywood should make a film of the story of David and Bathsheba sooner or later, probably as soon as someone, riffling through the pages of 2 Samuel ii, came upon the bit where David walked upon the roof at eventide and saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful. The only surprise is that they took so long about it, for the boys in Hollywood have always been great rifflers of the Old Testament. Perhaps, like myself, they were brought up by careful mentors to turn a blind and uninterested eye toward that stimulating chapter. It seems absurd to confess it now, but the truth is that, as a child, I was accustomed to think of Bathsheba as in some way connected with a laundry. I pictured her, when I thought of her at all, as a comfortable woman with clothes-pegs in her mouth and soap-suds to the elbow, and it was many years before it occurred to me as rather curious that a King should be so interested in the sight of a neighbour's wife occupied with the weekly wash.

Well, thanks to the great instructional power of the movies, the children of this generation are not likely to fall into any such foolish error. They will learn from their tenderest years all that the prophet Samuel has to tell about the story of David and Bathsheba, and quite a lot that he didn't think of mentioning. They will learn beyond a peradventure that Bathsheba was svelte and red-haired, and what Synopsis calls a "wife in loveless wedlock," since her husband had only spent six days at home with her in seven months. They will learn that the affair with her royal lover was primarily of her instigation, since she was aware of the King's nocturnal habits, and deliberately decided to take her bath in a well-lit, uncurtained window. They will learn that the intrigue was mainly conducted in a ruined hut somewhere outside the city limits, and involved a good deal of tumbling in the hay and driving in two-seater (or, more accurately, two-stander) chariots; that Bathsheba was properly shocked over that business of putting Uriah in the forefront of the battle, when he had so tiresomely refrained from spending his night's army leave at home, and so left her without any respectable excuse for her pregnancy; that she behaved quite peevishly to King David in consequence, and even snapped at him: "If our marriage is no more than an act of charity on your part, then say so"; that she got over this mood all right when she became queen, but the populace didn't; that they were planning to stone her to death, on the instigation of David's first wife Michal, and his insufferable little son, Absalom, with the approval of the prophet Nathan, when the King saved her by some mighty powerful praying.

They will learn, in short, that what their more conservative elders have been apt to regard as a simply natural, if regrettable, incident in the career of a very harassed shepherd-king, was actually "one of the most tempestuous and dramatic love-stories of all time"; meet for full Hollywood treatment, with cast of thousands, glorious Technicolor, sumptuous sets, miles of draperies, hordes of livestock, tons of sand, wind-machines at full blast, thunder-sheets, rain effects, celestial choirs, a flashback to the fight with Goliath that is pure pantomime fe-fi-fo-fum, a Biblical technical adviser and a specialty dancer.

Hollywood has lavished everything upon *David and Bathsheba*, everything except taste. And yet it would be a mistake to infer that taste is not there. There are vestigial signs of it in several scenes, notably in the King's recollection, at night, in a ruined fort, of Jonathan's last stand, and the really fine passage in which he recites the 23rd Psalm, while his hands drift caressingly over the strings of his long-neglected harp.

What *David and Bathsheba* might have been like without Gregory Peck I do not care to think. His performance of David is far and away the most distinguished thing in the film. He gives us a man who is at once strong and simple, deeply religious and humanly passionate, full of self-doubts, but royally trained to hide them. His beautiful voice caresses the Bible passages, and whenever the additional dialogue is good, he makes it sound better. I wish I could speak as warmly of the other leading players, but Raymond Massey's fire-breathing prophet Nathan is a colossal bore; Kieron Moore's Uriah the Hittite suggests that he would sooner be anywhere than this, even in the forefront of the battle; and Susan Hayward, although easy on the eye at all times, seems baffled by Bathsheba completely, as soon as the part passes beyond the charms of the pretty girl next door to the range of the future mother of Solomon.

The Blue Veil is what is known in Wardour Street, I believe, as a four-handkerchief picture. The original version was made in France during the Occupation, with Gaby Morlay in the part now done by Jane Wyman; and since *The Blue Veil* (or the Veil Bleu, as the French so much more logically call it, putting the noun where a noun should be, ahead of its adjective) deals with a subject that everyone who has had a nurse or a nurseling understands, it has survived the sea-change better than most Continental pictures.

The wearer of the blue veil is a widow of the 1914-18 war, who loses her only child at birth and decides to dedicate the rest of her life to the care of other people's children. The story is a collection of episodes, loosely linked, in which this prototype of all good nannies moves from home to home, doing all that love and care can do, and then passing on; a chronicle of hopeful meetings and painful partings. Both the theme and the treatment are unashamedly sentimental, and the climax—in which the old lady, now poor and infirm, is comforted at a surprise party by a reunion with all her "children"—is as patent a trick of happy tear-jerking as the end of *A Christmas Carol*. But the film has a sort of integrity for all that, tracing with some accuracy the relations between a good nurse and her employers, as well as the subtle bond between a good nurse and her charges; and Jane Wyman—although her make-up and bearing in the final scenes are likely to be criticised by several sprightly sexagenarians of our acquaintance—manages her long part on the whole quite beautifully.

The Blue Veil is a well-deserved tribute to a wonderful race that is now, alas, diminishing, and the childhood impressions it can bring back are really quite startling. Watching it, I found myself living all over again the dreadful day before the First World War, when they took away my old Yorkshire nurse and gave me a German governess, a comfortless creature whose only merit was that she had one brown and one blue eye.

Julien Duvivier's *Sous le Ciel de Paris* suggests the work of an experienced and responsible director who is temporarily off form, and is trying his darnedest not to show it. Every commercial artist in the audience will recognise the symptoms of a conscientious but tired spirit struggling to meet a dead-line. The agony is plain in every tortured phase; the pathetic trust in safe, documentary material; the over-melodramatic climaxes; the rambling construction of a story that has no particular point; the nervous withdrawal behind a commentary that can cover weak links in the narrative; the hopeful reliance on children, animals and Dior models.

Sous le Ciel de Paris is a composite picture, sometimes artless, occasionally gruesome, and always most beautifully photographed, about six different people and their experiences during a single day in Paris. It has a peculiarly irritating English commentary, sometimes pompous and sometimes arch, which may make it seem more tiresome than it needs to be, but I'm afraid it isn't a very good film, anyhow; not good, at least, in the way we expect from a Duvivier. As the work of an unknown director we should have called it promising; from the man who made *Un Carnet de Bal* and *Pepe le Moko*, it comes as a frank disappointment. I make a plea for it, all the same. There is more right about it than wrong about it. It has some touching and some strongly effective moments; it has a young actress named Christiane Lenier whom nobody is going to allow to be neglected; it may be a scissors-and-paste job, but it isn't sloppy; and I'm happy to give M. Duvivier another chance.

USTINOV'S WAR AND PEACE

A new play by Peter Ustinov, *The Moment of Truth*, opens at the Adelphi Theatre to-night, November 21. It is a tragi-comedy of the age in which we live, with a theme of war and peace. Eric Portman plays the Marshal, an aged hero brought back to accept the moral responsibility for his democratic country when it is overrun by the forces of an enemy dictator. He becomes the scapegoat for politicians and soldiers. While things go right they call him leader, but the tide of war turns and they turn against him. Finally we see him kneeling by his young daughter (Josephine Griffin) and in this one moment when he knows her to be dead, he returns suddenly and unbearably to sanity. Beside him stands his nurse (Noël Hood).

COSMETICS ARE THE ANSWER

Christmas time comes round again with the same problems of what to give and the same anxieties of choosing the right gift. Presents that make you look and feel good are always safe. Here are some to look out for :—

1. If you thought of giving powder, but are not sure of her colouring, her skin tones or the clothes she will wear, send a Charles of the Ritz Gift Powder Box (9s. and 16s. 6d.). She takes it to any Charles of the Ritz Blending Bars in good stores throughout the country to be filled with a shade of powder hand-blended on the spot by an expert.

2. Something to hang on the tree—Pears' Gloria shampoo, packed into three small plastic sachets in a pink or blue plastic beaker. Attached is a gay little greeting tag (2s. 6d.).

3. Max Factor's revolutionary night cream, packed in a unique container. Night Facial Stik is applied directly to the face, leaving it without a shiny film—and with no cream left under finger-nails (5s. 9d.).

4. For women with a *special* man in mind—Atkinson's large masculine wooden bowl of shaving-soap, coupled with a handy, easy-grip bottle of brilliantine (12s. 6d.).

5. A selection of Innoxa preparations ; Complexion Milk, Skin Tonic, Mousse Day Cream and Face Powder all neatly boxed together (24s. 2d.).

6. For your wife or sweetheart, Christian Dior's Eau de Toilette "Miss Dior," fresh as marguerites but sophisticated (3 gns.).

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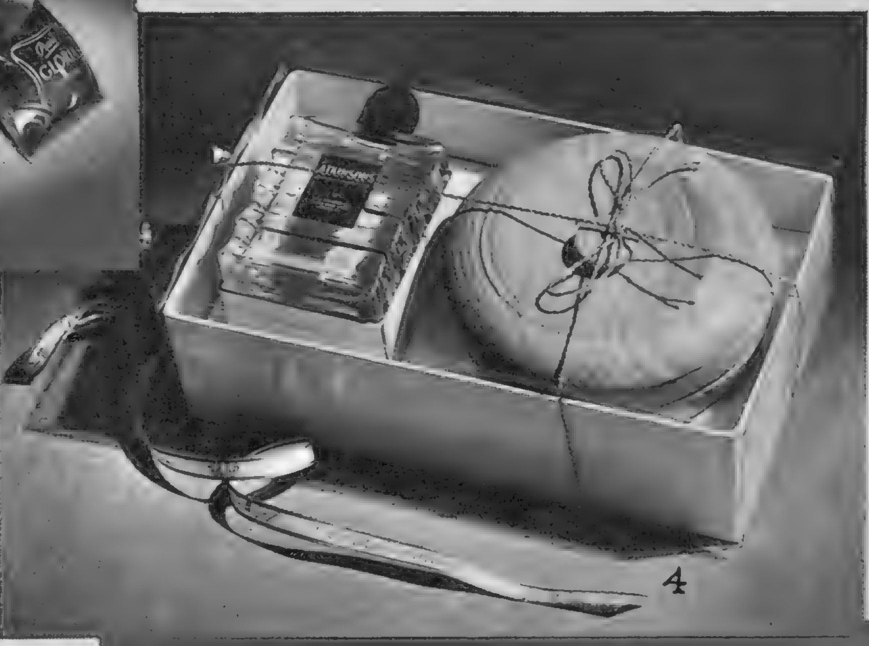

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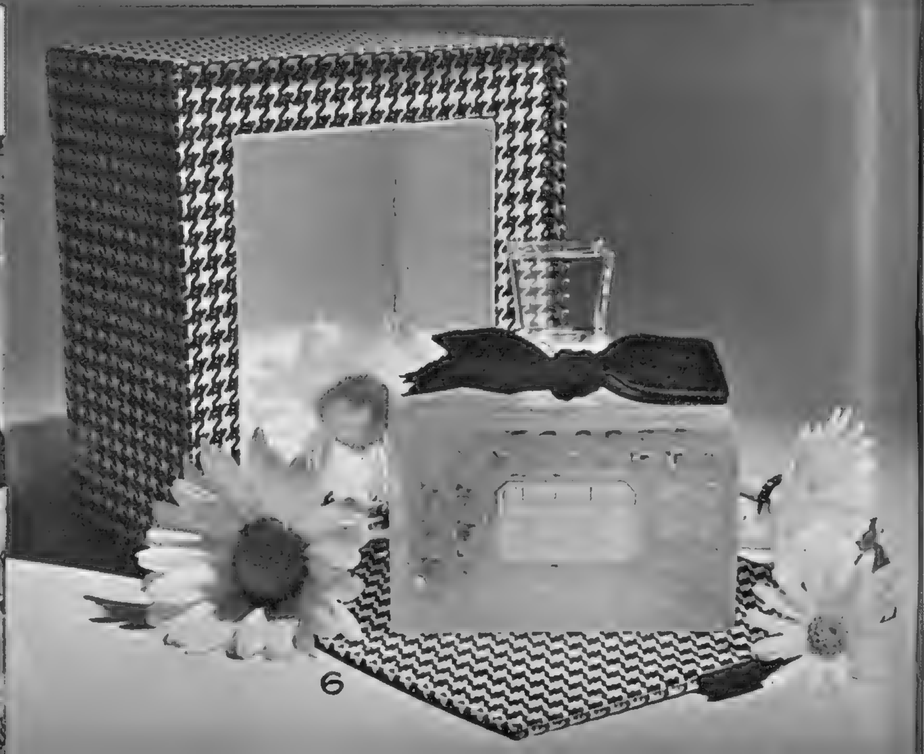

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by Elizabeth Penrose

7. A special present for a very special person—Cyclax's luxanhide fitted beauty case containing all the essential preparations for the skin and a handsome bottle of perfume (£8 13s.).

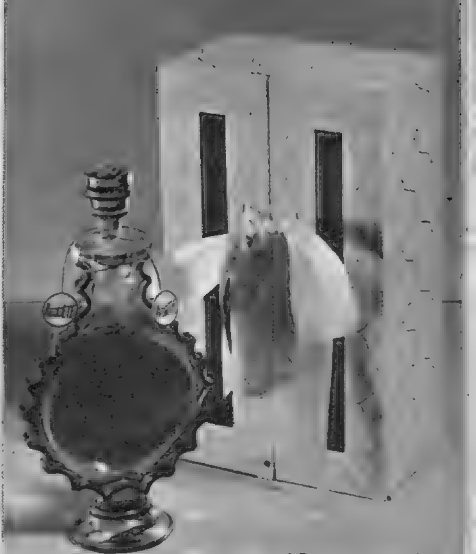
8. Steiner's doublet make a good woman-to-woman gift. Hand milk containing vitamin "A" to sooth and nourish chapped skin during the snows, and Eau de Cologne, both packed in feather-light Squeese-e Spray bottles (7s. 6d. and 15s. 6d.).

9. From Floris of Jermyn Street, perfumers to the King since 1820, can be bought toilet requisites for both men and women. Perfume is a speciality. Choose "Red Rose," "Lily of the Valley" or "Honeysuckle" (15s., 30s. and 57s. 6d.).

10. The new gift box of Ebe bath powders contains eight large envelopes (6s. 11d., or half as many, 4s. 11d.).

11. Luxurious trio to start a morning—Lenthéric's Tweed Bath Oil, Bouquet Lenthéric to stimulate the skin, and a sprinkler tin of Tweed Talcum Powder for a satin finish (41s. 6d.).

12. One of the oldest and greatest names in perfumery—Worth—has a selection of wonderful names and charming bottles of perfume from which to choose. This is "Requête" (£2 17s. 6d.). Others are "Je Reviens," "Imprudence" and "Dans la Nuit."



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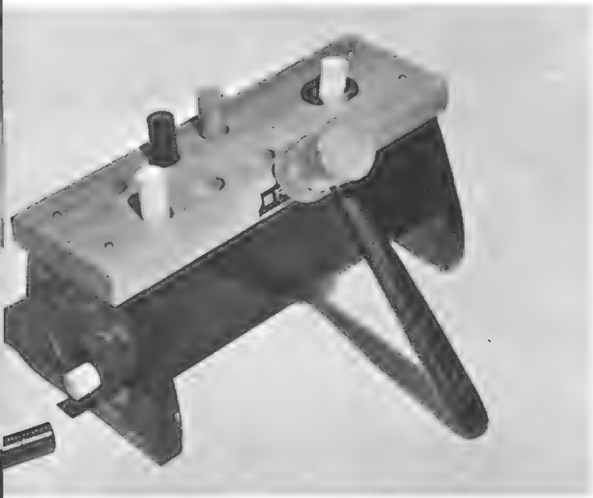
CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

By Elizabeth Penrose.

However hard we try to plan ahead and buy in good time the Christmas presents for friends and family, which each year seem to become more of a problem, some of us (and I suspect most of us) leave it to the eleventh hour. But my advice is this: Compile an orderly list of gifts which MUST be bought, check it and make lavish additions in a Christmas spirit, then work systematically through it. Only twenty-five shopping days remain!

COFFEE TABLE : TANKARDS



HAMMER TOY

GIFT VOUCHER

Here are a few ideas to start you thinking along the right lines:

For the hostess—triangular **Coffee Table** that really "serves" its purpose. Designed by Robin Day in ash; the top removes to make a tray. (8 guineas.) Pint size Whitefriars **Tankards** in eucalyptus-green glass. (10s. 7d. each.) Liberty, Regent Street.

For the boy who loves to hammer—a **Hammer Toy.** Pegs driven in at the top jump out unexpectedly from the side. Liberty Toy Department. (22s.)

For those who don't know what to give—a **Gift Voucher.** There are plenty from which to choose. For the record-lover, for instance, H.M.V. offer a charming token; the cover is a print of Terborch's "Guitar Lesson," inside, space to affix stamps to the value of 5s. or 30s. This one is Aquascutum's "**Chequascutum**" in a perky Christmas-card folder. Buy it from 100, Regent Street, for any amount from 1 guinea.

For the chic—a beautifully-fitted **Cocktail Case** by Ettinger with a place for everything and everything in its place. Fortnum and Mason have it. (22 guineas.)

For a grown-up lover of dolls—a quaint little **Troubadour** exquisitely made of leather and suede. His face is cheeky and disarmingly lifelike. A Tod Hunter model from Toy Department, Liberty. (About £2 16s.)

For a chilly soul—a cherry-red classic **Twin-Set** in softest botany wool, by Matland Knitting Mills. Found at Gay Kaye of Bond Street, Gordon Lowe of Knightsbridge or Joan Russell of Kensington. (About 5 guineas.)

For Grandad—the new Marconiphone "Companion" **Transportable Radio** to entertain him wherever he may be in the house. It weighs only 7½ lb.; has an inbuilt aerial, a sleek plastic cabinet, scarlet knobs. (£19 15s.)

For Uncles, Aunts and Cousins—a **Dog's Head Stopper** of carved wood. Wine pours from the mouth which is sealed when the bottle is upright. (17s. 6d.) Wicker **Bottle-Carrier.** (12s. 6d.) Corkscrew and **Bottle Opener** which fits neatly into a key. (21s.) A gimlet, screw-driver, bradawl and saw-chisel lie tucked away in the handle of a tiny **Housewife's Hammer**—for odd-jobbing in the home. (21s.) All from Marshall and Snelgrove.

For the perfect wife—Elizabeth Arden's black leather **Cosmetic Box** with bottles that swing upright as the lid is opened. There is a padded tray for jewellery and 15 preparations for skin care. (20 guineas.)

(Continued on page 532)

COCKTAIL CASE

TROUBADOUR

TWIN SET

RADIO

BOTTLE ACCESSORIES

COSMETIC BOX

You can afford

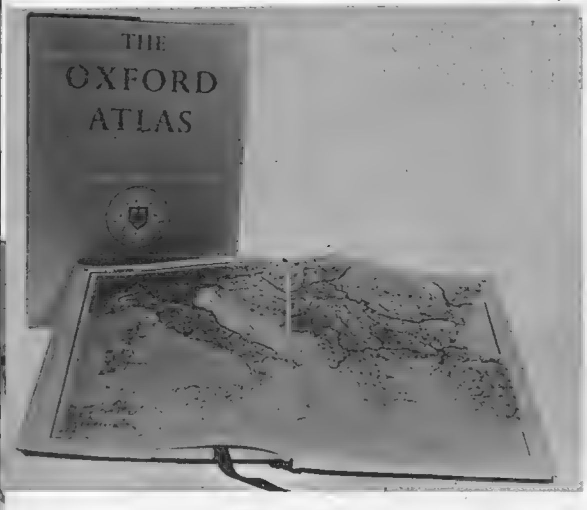
JAEGER

The Fashion Name for Wool

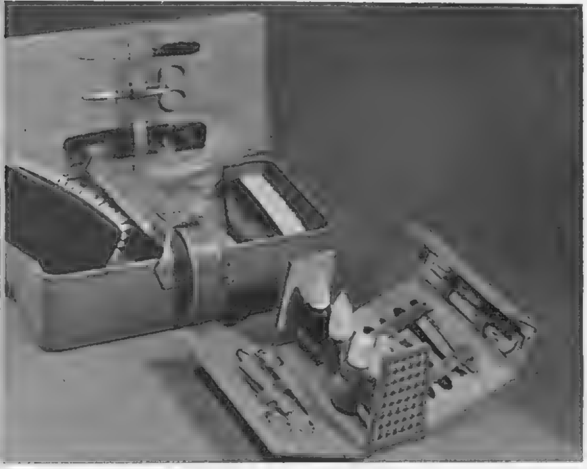
GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER SHOP

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

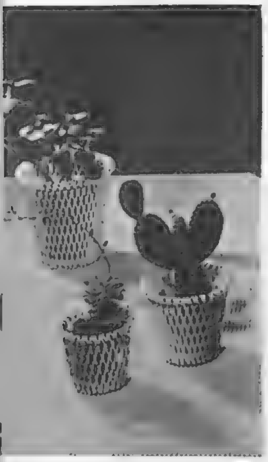
(Contd. from Page 530.)



NEW ATLAS



PIGSKIN WET PACK: MANICURE CASE



ENAMEL BASKETS

RHINESTONES

SHAMPOO ; HAND LOTION

For your scholarly young son—the most up-to-date record of this changing world, a **New Atlas** just published by the Oxford University Press, first to be compiled from scratch for half a century. (30s.)

For the man of the house—a fitted **Pigskin Wet Pack** by Mark Cross, complete with hand-made pure bristle brushes, from Finnigans of Bond Street. (£11 2s. 6d.) And for his wife—Mark Cross's moiré-lined tygan **Manicure Case** contains all it takes to keep your nails in good trim. There are spaces for your own special brand of nail lacquer. From Harrods' Gift Department. (£4 12s. 6d.)

For the indoor gardener—chalk-white **Enamel Baskets** will house and hide the common or garden plant pot. Find them at Liberty of Regent Street. (8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. and 18s. 6d. for the giant size.)

For the follower of fashion—**Rhinestones**, because they are now the rage. Buy rhinestone ear-rings with droplets which dangle, or an outsize brooch in one of the new leaf designs. This necklace with festoons and a brilliant centre piece is from Fior Boutique. (£5 7s. 6d.)

For Aunt or Cousin—Antoine's very new French Oil **Shampoo**, the giant size is 24s. 6d., enough for three months. Or from the same firm, in Dover Street, Pink Satin **Hand Lotion** in plastic bottles ideal for travelling. (7s. 6d.)

For nieces and nephews—a "**Kentucky Banjola**" beautifully made of plastic, metal and nylon. It 's 17 ins. long and plays a popular tune. (1 guinea.) A tiny wicker **Picnic Basket** containing Thermos flasks and a bright blue sandwich tin. (37s. 6d.) Juvenile **Binoculars** with individual eyepiece focusing and eye-width adjustment are suitable for theatre or sports meetings. (8s. 11d.) All from Marshall and Snelgrove.

For the family—a new **Toaster** for quick and evenly-browned toast at breakfast. This one is H.M.V.'s Horizontal model—takes any shape or size slice of bread, scone or muffin. The lid makes a toast-rack. Heat-resisting surface in primrose and black with heat-proof handles. (£4 12s. 6d.—exempt from P.T.)

For a gadget-minded gentleman—the new Ronson **Penciliter** which lights and writes with equal efficiency. It has an increased fuel capacity ; the pencil unit contains eraser, extra leads and spare flint. Choose it in silver, grey or black. From jewellers, tobacconists and stores. (70s.)

For the constant traveller—nothing more useful than a **Train-Case.** This one is a Revelation model in luxanhide, with a streamlined shape and pockets for cosmetic containers, passport, papers, and a large waterproof bag for washing tackle. (About £17 at Revelation.)

TRAIN-CASE

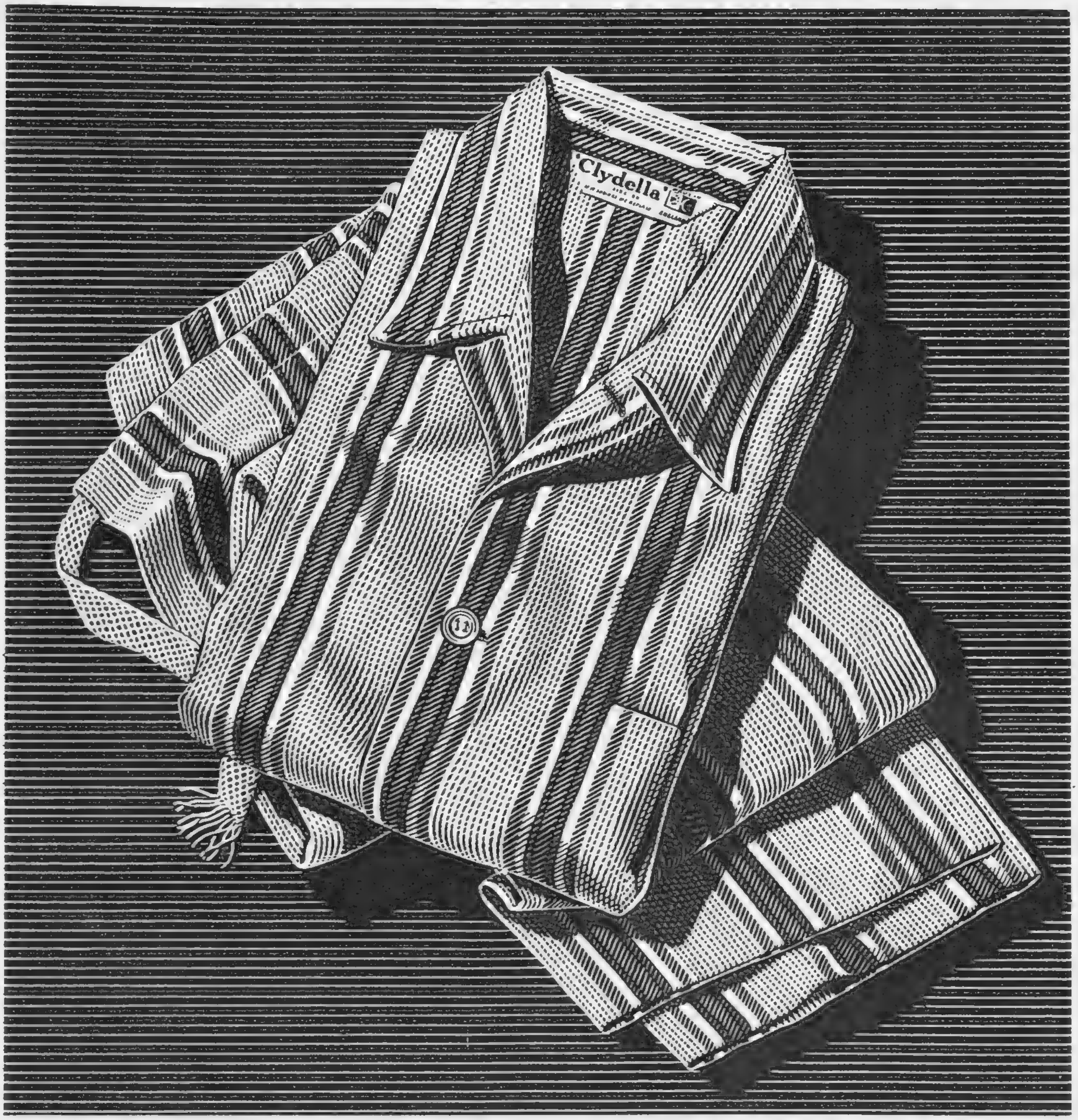
PENCILITER

TOASTER

KENTUCKY BANJOLA, PICNIC BASKET ; BINOCULARS

'Clydella' lasts longer –

Through the years these men's pyjamas will never lose their softness, warmth or colour



Sizes 38 to 44 inches chest. Price 79/6 includes Purchase Tax

There's nothing to equal 'Clydella'

REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

'Clydella' Pyjamas make ideal Christmas Gifts. If you are uncertain about size or colour, ask your outfitter for a Men's Wear Token.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.
DAY & NIGHT WEAR
VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'DAYELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

STUDYING SKIDS

By William Hartley

NOVEMBER is always one of the turning-points in the motoring year. The dark evenings and the colder weather bring problems of lights and starting. The greater number of motorists give up pleasure drives and runs to the coast. The Motor Show is over for another year, and the perils of winter driving are in front of those of us who continue to drive throughout the year. One of the most serious of the perils to be faced is that of skidding, and I have recently been able to learn a good deal on that subject. I may add that this learning was not in the bitter school of experience, but during a visit to the Road Research Laboratories. The brains there are engaged upon all sorts of work directed to increase the safety of the roads, one of the results being the new pedestrian crossings, which we must agree are at least readily visible as one approaches them. On skidding itself, a great deal of work is going on with research into the best materials for road-makers to use to give us non-skid road surfaces.

The water on the road has to be squeezed away by the tyre before you can hope to get a grip, and I was surprised to learn that, when driving fast, the extra tendency to skid is because there is not time for the water to be pushed away. It is as simple as that. Thus a rough surface is less slippery, but the roughness has to be of a special type and the wrong type of roughness may well be worse than what appears to be a smooth surface. The method of testing a road is very interesting. A special motor-cycle combination outfit is used, and the side-car wheel can be turned outwards. This makes it rather like an ordinary castor. As the machine is driven along, this castor-like wheel tries to straighten itself into line with the direction of travel. The strength with which it does so is measured and this gives a clear reading of the grip being given by the road surface. For instance, on ice the wheel would be quite happy to slide along sideways and thus a very low reading is obtained. On a good gripping surface the wheel will just not slide like that, and struggles hard to get straight, giving a high reading. These machines are sent out up and down the country to help local authorities decide when a road is really in need of resurfacing, since it gives a true picture of the skidding quality of a road which cannot be obtained by simply trying a car along it. While at the Laboratories, I was able to ride on the machine, and it was quite uncanny how the instruments in the sidecar drew a picture of the degree of slip as we moved along test surfaces. To me, the interesting and practical result of this visit was the knowledge that surfaces are not what they appear to be in many cases. From now on, when roads are wet I shall not assume, because a road merely looks rough, that it is safe to turn quickly or to brake hard, because a demonstration proved to me how misleading this assumption can be. All wet roads must be suspect until proved safe.

The answer to the whole question seems to be the eternal one of money. The research people do know how to make an almost non-skid road, but to use the methods and materials needed would cost vast sums quite beyond vision at the moment. Let it simply be said that some county authorities seem to have a better idea of how to use the money they can spend than others.

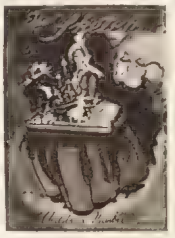
The day after visiting the R.R.L. I had to spend among scenery new to me, the Clee Hill country of South Shropshire. It was so indescribably lovely on a blustery autumn day, with sun and showers, that I shall go again. I doubt if I shall ever see it so nice, though, as the autumn leaves were better than I have ever seen them before. Perhaps the wet summer had something to do with it, but all over the country this story is repeated this year. To those who have not seen them, I say you have really missed one of the best years ever for autumn tints. To me, the attraction of autumn and winter driving is the new vistas opened up and the quieter roads. Long country drives between now and Christmas are to be recommended, surely.

The falling-off in attendance at Earls Court this year may worry the organisers, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. They have had advice from all quarters as to how to boost the public appeal. Most people ask them to give greater freedom to the exhibitors to show special cars and not limit exhibits to cars in regular production. That is true. To be able to see the actual machines that have performed some noteworthy feat and to probe round such things as one maker's idea of the car of the future would arouse added interest. The only comment I have to make is that it is queer that the exhibitors should complain in this strain when, after all, they themselves make up the S.M.M.T. !

I think too that a number of people kept away this year for the very reason that the huge crowds at the 1950 Show made it impossible to move about freely and to see much at all. There is a limit to how many people can see any show with any degree of comfort and satisfaction. Perhaps there is too much crammed into Earls Court, vast as it is ; or perhaps the Show does not run long enough. I think we are sure to see some innovations next year, but what they will be I will not even try to guess.

This year has been a fine one for motor sport. The season is more or less at an end, although one of the most interesting events has yet to come. The Trials Championship in mid-December, run by the R.A.C. on some as yet secret course, is one that gets too little general mention. Throughout the year hundreds of trials take place every week-end, organised by motor clubs big and small. The number of enthusiastic competitors and officials gets larger every year, and it is quite surprising how many people do turn out to struggle across fields and up weird hills to see these weekly events. This year's contest will be of special interest, because the present champion, Ken Wharton, will not be competing. He has won the event for the last three years with consummate skill and this year he has taken the hill climb title as part of his master plan to tackle one thing at a time. He is an incredible man and from many meetings with him I can say his success is earned by hard work and the application of much thought and good brain-work to the problems presented to him. The 1951 Championship is open, and there are several possible winners. My choice is Godfrey Imhof, who was runner-up last year. He and his special trials car, built to his own ideas, are a combination that anyone will do well to beat. For those who have never seen this type of motor sport to enquire of the local motor club and seek out such an event would provide an experience that I know they would repeat.

Sir Bernard and Lady Docker in the new 36-h.p. Straight Eight Daimler, with body by Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., which was one of the centres of interest at the recent Motor Show at Earls Court. The car, which is a magnificent example of British Craftsmanship, was a present from Sir Bernard to his wife. Sir Bernard is chairman of the B.S.A. group of companies, among which are the Daimler and Hooper firms, and the important Jessop and Saville, Ltd., makers of fine steels, who have just escaped nationalisation.



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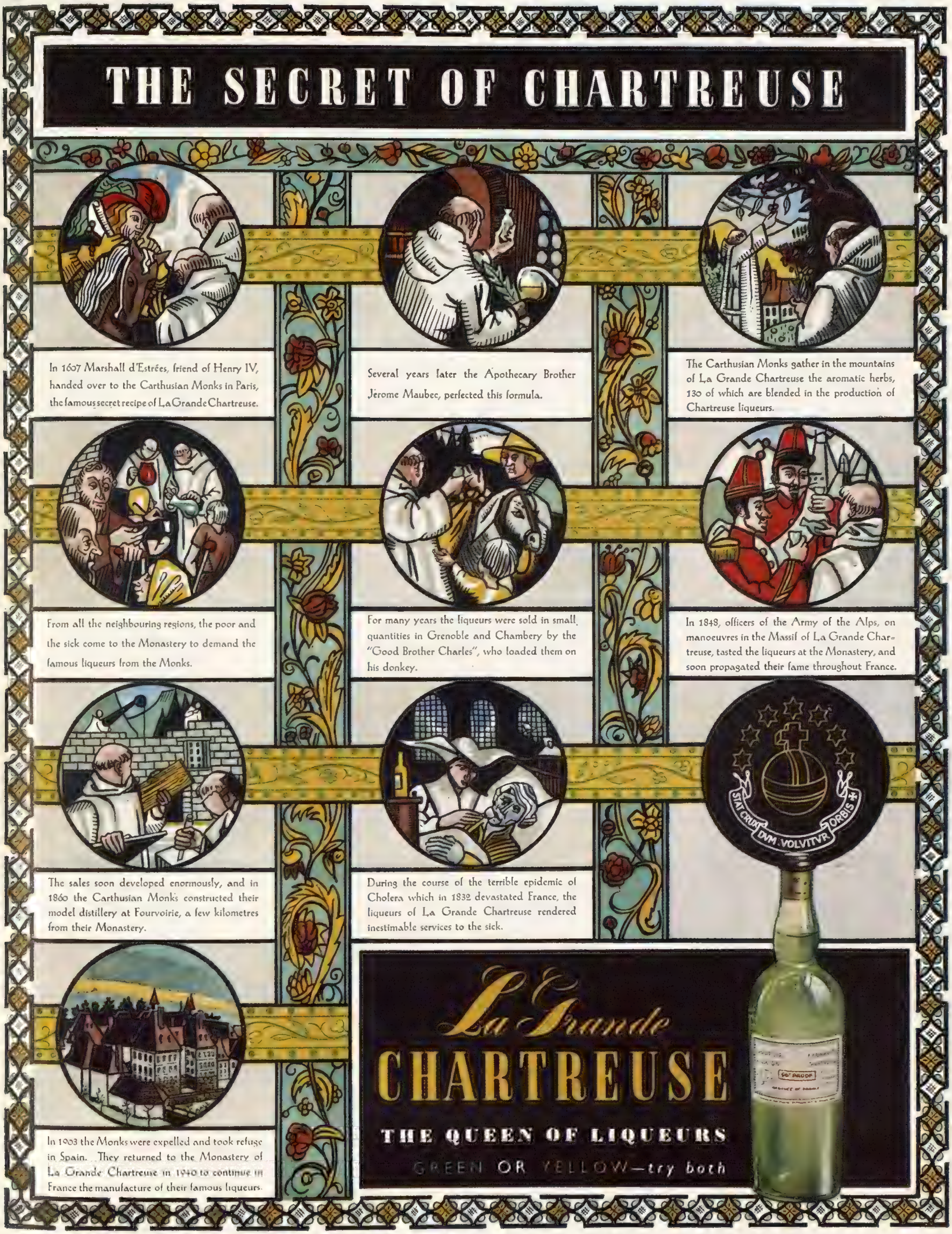
Our special Christmas Number—our first for many years—was published last week, price 3s. 6d., and in it Christmas is portrayed comparatively, romantically and satirically, in article, verse and drawing. Lady Bath writes on "Christmas at Longleat—70 Years Ago," with accompanying drawings by Ronald Searle; Alan Melville's satirical verse "Every Christmas" is decorated by Michael ffolkes. There are scenes from Cinderella *as portrayed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet and by Walt Disney. "The Christmas Story"—a Bethlehem allegory—is told in his own way by John Davies, with illustrations by J. S. Goodall. There is a clever Christmas short story, a play specially written for* The Sketch *by Peter Ustinov, many joke drawings, and some stylish winter fur fashions.*



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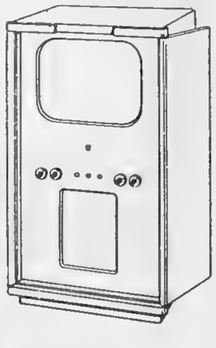

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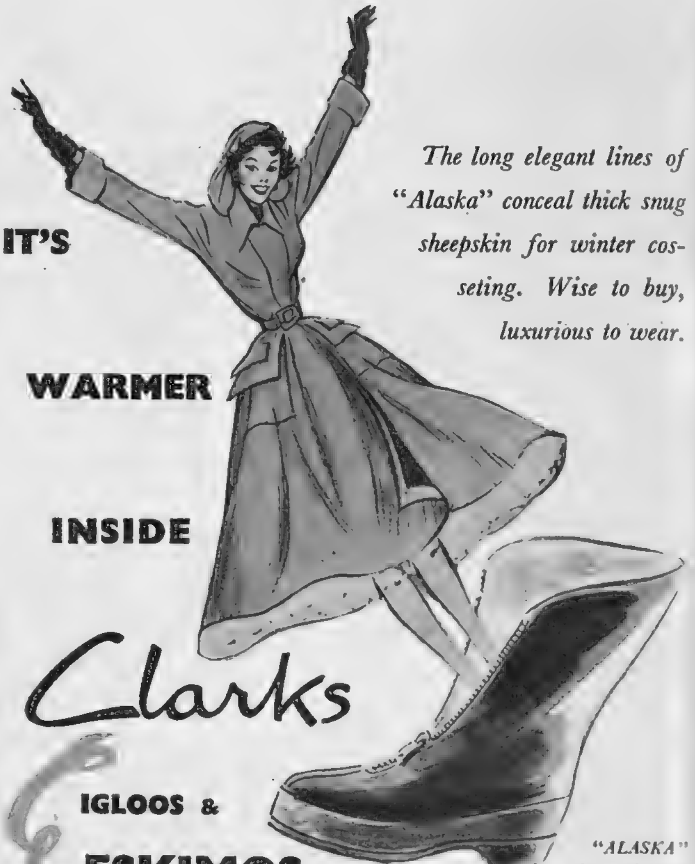

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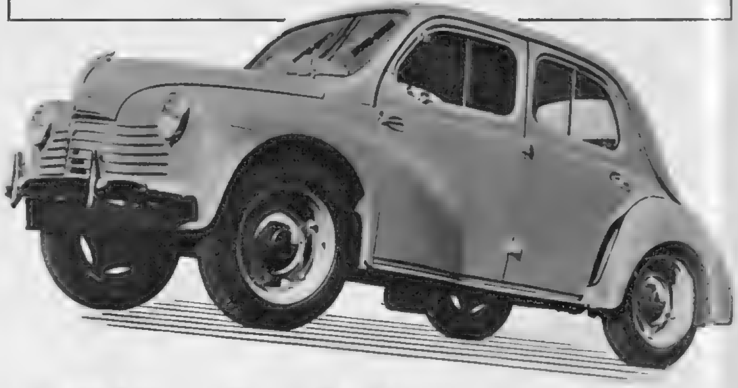

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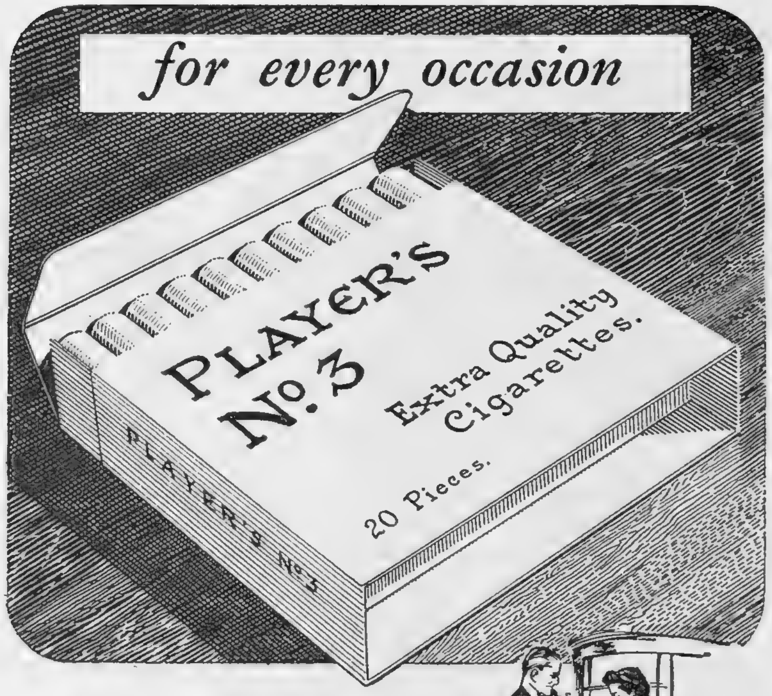

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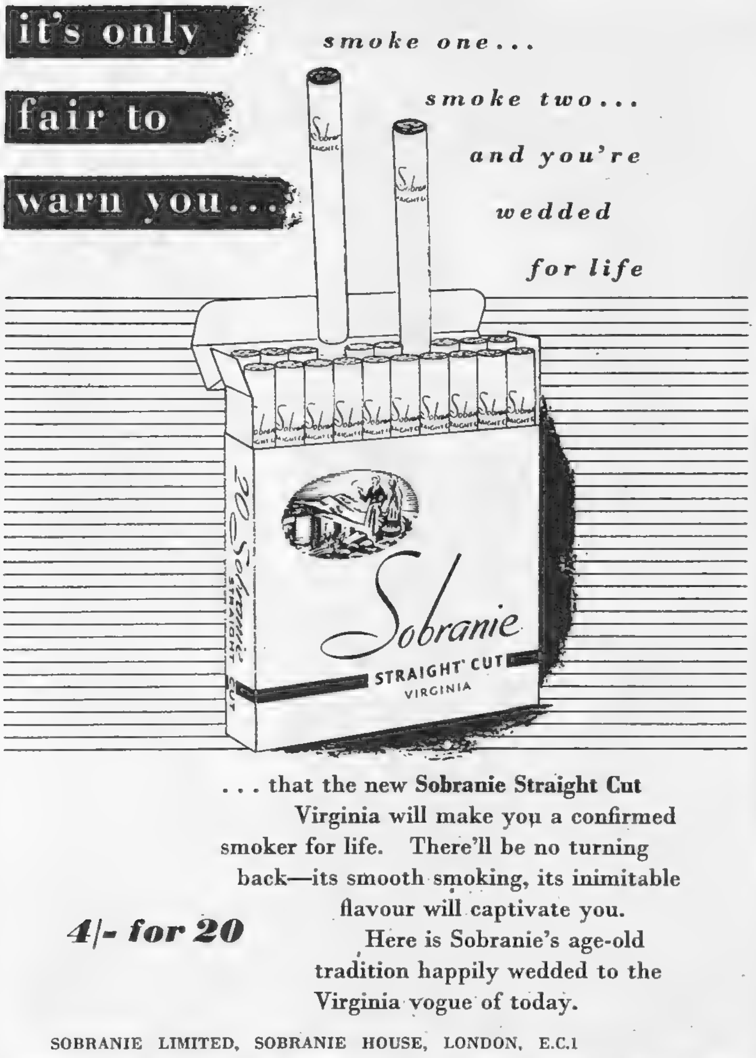
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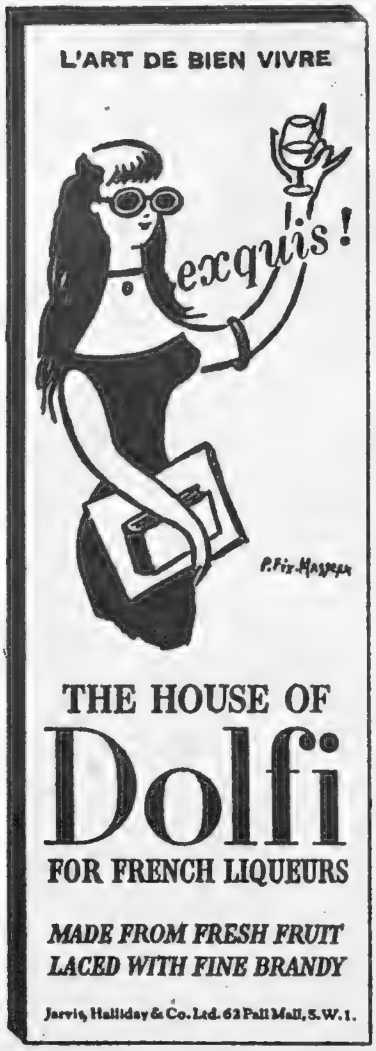
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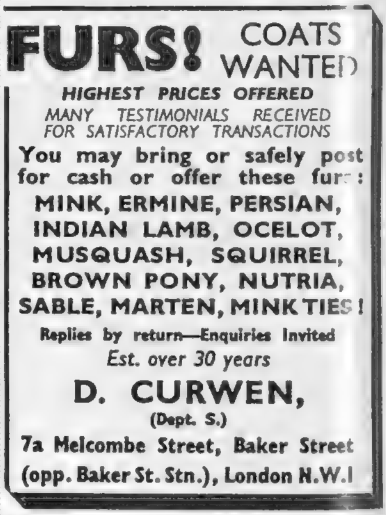
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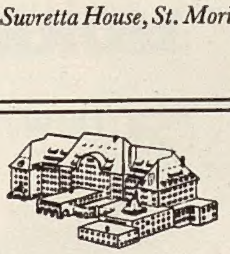

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